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ENGLISH SETTER PUPPIES. James Thurber says you should sell puppies or keep them, never give them away.

EDITORS of magazines have a belief that I am somehow an expert in the naming of dogs.

They have demanded an authoritative article on the subject.

I think they may have read a piece I wrote a few years ago in which I said I had owned, in my time, some forty dogs.

This is true, but deceptive. Twenty-seven of the dogs I owned were puppies, and they were sold, or given away, unnamed.

I must digress a moment from my general theme, since the matter has come up, and warn inexperienced owners of puppies never to give them away. Sell them or keep them, but don't give them away.

Sixty per cent. of persons who are given a dog for nothing will bring him back sooner or later and plump him into the reluctant and unprepared lap of his previous owner.

The people say they are going away and can't take the dog, or that he doesn't want to go, or they point out that he eats first editions or lace curtains or spinnets, or that he doesn't see eye to eye with them in the mat-

ter of housebreaking, or that he makes disparaging remarks under his breath about their friends.

Anyway, they bring him back and you are stuck with him (and maybe six others). But if you charge something for a pup, the new owner doesn't dare bring him back.

Names of dogs have a range almost as wide as those of the violin. They run from such plain and simple names as Spot, Sport, Rex, Brownie, and Rover (all originated by small boys), to such effete and fancy appellations as Prince Rudolph-Hertenberg Gratzheim of Darndorf-Putzelhorst, and Darling Mist o' Love III of Heather-Light-Holyrood, names originated by adults, all of whom in every other way, I am told, are quite normal.

In addition to the plain and the fancy categories, there are also the Cynical and the Coy.

By JAMES THURBER
Famous American humorist

Cynical names for dogs are given by people who do not like dogs enough,

coy names by people who like dogs too much. The most popular cynical names to-day are Mussolini, Tojo, and Adolf.

I have never been able to get very far in my exploration of the minds of people who call their dogs Mussolini, Tojo, and Adolf, and I suspect the reason is that I am unable to associate with them long enough to examine what goes on in their heads.

I nod, and I tell them the time of day, if they ask, and that is all.

HOW TO NAME A DOG



A THURBER DOG, which Thurber says is a troubled, thoughtful dog, with an air of insecurity.

I never vote for them or ask them to have a drink.

The great Coy category is perhaps the largest of all.

These people call their pets Bubbles and Boggles and Sparkles and Twinkles and Doodles and Puffy and Lovvums and Sweetums and Itzy-Bitsy and Sugarkina. I pass these dog-owners at a dog trot, wearing a horrible fixed grin.

There is a special subdivision of the Coy, whose members are not quite so awful, but are awful enough.

These people, whom we will call the Wits, own not one but two dogs, which they name Pitter and Patter, Willy and Nilly, Helter and Skelter, Pro and Con, Namby and Pamby.

Cryptics

THEN there is the Cryptic category, made up of people who name their dogs for some vague reason or for no reason at all—except perhaps to arouse the visitor's curiosity so that he will exclaim, "Why in the world do you call your dog that?"

The Cryptics name their dogs October, Bennett's Aunt, Three-Fifteen, Doc Knows, Tuesday, Home Fried, Once 28, and Ask Leslie. I make it a point simply to put these unfortunate dogs on the head, ask no questions, and go about my business.

This article has degenerated into a piece which should properly be entitled, "How Not to Name a Dog." I was afraid it would.

It seems only fair to make up for this by confessing a few of the names I have given my own dogs. Most have been females, and they answered, with apparent gladness, to such names as Jennie, Tessa, Julie, and Sophie.

I am opposed (and I think dogs are also) to Ida, Corn, Bianche, and Myrtle, as well as to Pamela, Jennifer, Clarissa, and Jacqueline.

I have heard of four dogs named Thurber, and have even met one of them. He did not seem any more depressed than spaniels usually do.

Thurber is supposed to look like the dog I draw, a troubled, thoughtful dog with an air of insecurity.

In conclusion, I toyed the other day with the idea of buying a female English sheep-dog and calling her Christobel.

If she has puppies, not more than one goes to each buyer. I'm afraid some woman might call two of them, if I sold her two, Roly and Poly.

WOMEN

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AT CHEMISTS STORES & HAIRDRESSERS

"It's time I thought about it," Dina Raleigh said. Her grandfather rocked gently in the shade of the porch. "About what?" "About the man I'm going to marry."

Judge Raleigh said, "Oh," and began rocking again. "I'm nineteen," she went on.

Judge Raleigh didn't answer. Dina was used to that. She couldn't remember her mother, and her father only dimly. He'd gone to South America on an engineering job, picked up some deadly wog there, and never came back.

Grandpa Judge had brought her up with the assistance of two old family servants.

Frou came panting to lie at Dina's feet. Frou was something of a Cairn and something of several other species of small dog. She liked Dina exclusively and made no secret of it, even to the extent of ignoring Grandpa Judge.

Judge Raleigh inquired, "Who is he?"

"Who?" Dina asked, her brows lifting.

"This man you're thinking of marrying."

"There isn't any man," Dina said patiently.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken you remarked that having achieved the enormous age of nineteen, it was—or is—time you thought about the man you are to marry. That is the essence of your statement?"

"M-m," Dina said, nodding.

"Well, then," Grandpa Judge rumbled comfortably, "it follows that there is a particular man you have in mind."

"It doesn't at all," Dina said, with infinite pity for the inflexibility of the male mind, no matter how erudite. "I wasn't thinking of any man. Only the kind of man."

"Ah," Judge Raleigh said. "I thought you might perhaps have decided who was to be the fortunate one among Doug Mace, Tim Carroll, the Farmers boy, and Oscar Fee."

"They're all thousands of miles away," Dina said. "Except Oscar."

It was possible that the man she would marry was among them. It was possible that Oscar Fee might be the man. Certainly Oscar, very important in Claremont, wanted to marry her.

Grandpa Judge asked, "What's he to look like?"

"Tall and broad-shouldered," Dina said dreamily. "Handsome. Considerate and, above all things, brave."

Grandpa Judge grunted. "He will be—even if he isn't."

Dina shook her head. She couldn't visualise the man she dreamed of, but if she didn't know how he would look, at least she knew how he wouldn't.

Certainly not like the young man whose body had drifted along the picket fence and now paused at the gate.

Dina had never seen him before. He wasn't tall. Dina saw that as he opened the gate and came up the blue gravelled path. He was slim, small-boned. His lean face was freckled and his eyes, undoubtedly green, crinkled at the

corners. He grinned at her. A man like this one, twenty-five or so, left her definitely cold, Dina decided.

He didn't leave Frou cold. Frou advanced to meet him, circled warily, and followed in the rear.

The young man paused at the foot of the steps. His eyes touched Dina, and Dina gave back his stare. He turned his head. "Judge Raleigh?"

Grandpa Judge rumbled, "Yes."

The young man grinned. "I'm Penfield Halloway. I'm hanging out my shingle in Claremont. It occurred to me that my first act should be to pay my respects to the head of my profession. The procedure baffles me, however. Do I leave cards?"

Judge Raleigh got up. "You don't. You take a chair and make yourself at home." He came heavily across the porch.

That was when Frou took things in hand. She growled and sank her teeth into the visitor's tweed trousers.

Young Mr. Halloway stopped. He looked down at Frou. She darted away, showing her white teeth, and Penfield Halloway said mildly, "The law allows you the first bite. Abide by the law, insect."

Dina had jumped up, her cheeks pink. Penfield Halloway put one foot on the lowermost step, and Frou returned to the fray.

The young man bent with surprising swiftness. When he straightened he had Frou by the scruff of the neck.

Frou yelped in surprise and fright. Penfield Halloway's right hand lifted and descended sharply on the dog's ear. Frou yelped again as Dina started forward protestingly.

Young Mr. Halloway set Frou down and went up the steps to take Grandpa Judge's outstretched hand.

Dina, cradling the dog in her arms, went stiffly to sit on the lowermost step, aware that the young Halloway was observing her. She raised her eyes and held his gaze, annoyed, as Grandpa Judge said, "My granddaughter, Dina Raleigh. Mr. Penfield Halloway."

Dina merely bent her head. Penfield Halloway grinned.

Judge Raleigh went back to what he had obviously been pursuing: "Why Claremont?"

Dina turned her eyes and saw the freckled face momentarily serious.

"I like it. I liked it as soon as I saw it. I figured I should start my career in a place that appeals to me."

Judge Raleigh nodded. "You—there is a Mrs. Halloway?"

Penfield Halloway grinned. His eyes met Dina's. "I expect to find her here in Claremont."

Dina sniffed. She knew Grandpa Judge was looking at her, knew the source of his amusement.

"Second qualification, sir. Spirit," said Pen. "Your granddaughter has it—in plenty."

THE MAN FOR DINA

By
Alec Rackowe



"You—ah—you've someone in mind?"

"Not yet. I've an idea of the sort of girl she must be—that's all."

"Amazing," Grandpa Judge rumbled. "My granddaughter finds herself, it seems, in the same—ah—preliminaries."

"Indeed," Penfield Halloway said, and his grin widened.

Grandpa Judge asked, "Will you have something to drink, Mr. Halloway?"

The young man got up. All five-nine of him. "Not this time, thank you. I've just moved into digs at Mrs. Moffet's, down the street. I've an office over Wilde's opposite the courthouse, and I've things to do. Some other time, if I may, sir."

"You may," Grandpa Judge said. "If I can help you, call on me."

"That's very kind of you," Penfield Halloway said.

He came to the top of the steps. Dina said coolly, "It was nice to meet you, Mr. Halloway," but she didn't get up.

Penfield Halloway glanced at Frou. "Don't you think you should escort me to the gate, Miss Raleigh? I anticipate an attack from the rear again."

Dina got up scornfully. "Frou won't hurt you. But if you insist—"

He walked beside her and Frou followed.

Penfield Halloway said, "The name is Pen, for short, Miss Raleigh, and I'm interested to learn that you're eligible."

"I'm sure I shouldn't fit into your idea of the girl you're looking for."

"I don't know. The girl I'm going to marry must possess four qualifications. You have the first—looks."

"Thank you," Dina said stiffly. "And what may the other three be?"

Pen Halloway shook his head. "That wouldn't be fair to any other possible contestants. You might assume them."

Dina got red as fire. She was furious at the way she had left herself open. She swung the gate inward. "It's safe now. I'll keep Frou away from you."

"Thanks, Dina," Pen Halloway said.

He turned his head before Dina could glare at him for the familiarity. He looked at Frou. He pointed a finger. "Come here."

Dina's lips curled. Frou was deaf to that sort of thing.

Frou seemed to have forgotten. As Dina stared, her blue eyes wide, Frou got down on her tummy. She fairly crawled to Pen Halloway's feet, then turned over on her back, and her tail wagged in slow, sly, pleading.

Pen Halloway stooped and rubbed Frou's chest. He straightened and grinned at Dina. "You certainly have the first qualification," he told her. "Be seeing you. Bye."

Please turn to page 23



LADY IN A TRAP

By F. and C. HOPE

IT'S bad business when two models look enough alike to double for each other. It was especially bad in Joan Parley's case, for she happened to look like Elaine Fordyce, her present rival.

Elaine Fordyce operated with all the principles of a sleek young tigress. She was tawny, predatory, and quick to pounce. Her object was fame, diamonds, and a rich husband.

Joan had an object, too: a future for her husband serving with the Army Medical Corps. He was tall and blond and very young. He'd need another year of hospital training before he could begin practising. Every cent he and Joan could save would be needed to tide them over.

Unfortunately for Joan, she and Elaine were the two remaining contestants in the Golden Glow cigarette contest. The prize? A year's contract and one thousand pounds.

Joan had been star-eyed over the contest at first. Mentally, she'd banked the thousand pounds. With a start like that, nothing could hold Bill back. With the proper training, his professor had told him he might become a great brain specialist. One thousand pounds would provide "the proper training." It equalled a dream come true.

Joan had been pretty sure she would make the dream come true—until this morning, when she'd found Elaine Fordyce was in the contest.

Joan had a call from the agency, telling her to be at the studio at two p.m.

The other contestants in the contest had been eliminated; the client from Golden Glow and the photographer who was to do the big national ads, would decide on either Joan or Elaine. The two of them looked so much alike. Joan was told over the phone, that to choose between them was almost impossible.

When the time came, however, Elaine found lots of little ways to make the choice easier. To begin with, her clothes were better. She arrived wearing a leopard cape and

a tiny leopard skull cap with a green feather.

Joan banked most of what she earned in a joint account for Bill's and her own future; so she came wearing a slightly worn polo coat, and a tweed suit that had seen a lot of service.

Elaine and Joan were told to wait in the reception room, as the client from Golden Glow had not yet arrived. Elaine took the chair nearest the door, an advantageous position, since the client would see her first.

"Never miss a trick, do you, Elaine?" Joan burst out.

"You can't miss a trick," Elaine said sweetly, "and get anywhere."

I've never, thought Joan, hated anybody the way I hate Elaine. She felt the blood hot in her cheeks, and had a sudden desire to give her rival's smug little face a slap.

Just then the outside door opened and in rushed the client from Golden Glow—brief case in hand and a harassed look on his face. Joan gave him a quick, eager smile—which he did not see, for he was hurrying.

Elaine gave him a slow, billboard smile, and when he did not see that either, she jumped to her feet and hurried after him. "Pardon me, sir," she said, "but have you the time? I haven't my watch with me." She kept her wrist-watched hand hidden carefully from view under her cape.

"Why—" he fumbled under his coat, searching for his watch. When he told Elaine the time, she smiled dazzlingly. (The smile was to be one of the deciding factors in the contest.) Interest flickered in the client's eyes. "You're one of the two remaining contestants, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said quickly, and then paused a dramatic moment: "I—am Elaine Fordyce."

"Fordyce," the client repeated. He smiled, held out his hand. "I'm Richard Marsden, from Golden Glow."

Then he hurried to the studio, where the judging was to take place.

Only a second had elapsed when the receptionist opened her little window and said coolly: "They want to see you first, Miss Fordyce."

Adjusting the leopard skull cap on her tawny silk hair, Elaine rose with offensive poise and made her way into the studio. Joan, watching her go, blinked back the tears. She's going to get it, she thought. She's already got it. They called her first, and that always means one thing in this business.

When Elaine returned, after twenty minutes, she had that unmistakable glow. "They want to see you now, darling," she patted Joan's shoulder.

"You haven't won—yet!" Joan flared. "Double-dealing doesn't always pay, sometimes misses, even when you hold all the aces."

"Whatever the decision," Elaine said magnificently, "I'm sure it will be a fair one . . ."

When Joan entered the studio, they were all so deep in conversation that they didn't see her. Mr. Marsden was holding a page ripped from a magazine, and they were all talking excitedly.

"I'm Joan Parley," she announced, her knees trembling.

Mr. Marsden said, "Let's see you smile, Miss Parley."

One of the darkroom boys snapped on a klieg light, so Marsden could get a better look. In the hot glare, Joan wet her lips and smiled. But it was a stiff smile compared to the one that had won her the National Motors ad. only last month. Her face was stiff with anxiety. She said desperately, "Want me to try again?" "No. Never mind," Mr. Marsden smiled apologetically. "We've about decided. If you'll wait in the reception room, Miss Parley, we'll let you know."

Joan walked blindly from the studio, the smile frozen on her lips.

Eleven minutes passed; then Marsden rushed into the reception room, frowning and holding the ripped magazine page. "We can't figure which of you girls posed for this National Motors ad," he said. "The features aren't quite sharp, because the girl is looking through a frosted window. It's important for us to know."

Elaine sprang forward. "Why, I posed for it—last month."

For a moment Joan was too stunned to speak. Then her voice trembled with fury: "Mr. Marsden, that's a lie! Joe Thomas, the photographer who took that picture, will tell you that I posed for it!"

"Joe Thomas," Elaine retorted, "is overseas. He left two weeks ago." She smiled. "That's why you dare to lie to Mr. Marsden, isn't it, Joan?"

That was the reason Elaine dared to lie! Joan hadn't signed a contract for that job, either. Joe Thomas had neglected it in the rush of leaving. So even the ad. agency wouldn't know she'd posed for it. Besides, Joan realised, because of that frosted window effect, she couldn't even point out certain differences between them.

Elaine said, "I'd hardly lie, Mr. Marsden. After all, I don't have to. I've posed for—countless national ads."

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For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.



"Why, I posed for it last month," Elaine said brightly, stepping toward Mr. Marsden.

I've had five magazine covers, where Joan has had literally nothing."

Elaine had posed for few national ads, no magazine covers; but there are people who can convince almost anyone on a lie. Elaine was one of them. Her lie convinced Mr. Marsden.

He sighed regretfully. "Well, I'm afraid that decides it," he said.

Elaine smiled. "I knew it would," she said sweetly.

"Oh, no," Marsden said quickly, "we like you better, if anything, Miss Fordyce. In a pinch, we might even have overlooked the National Motors

ad, though it's had too much distribution. But what you've told me about your other national ads, and the five magazine covers—well, we want a girl whose face hasn't been around that much; a girl who will be identified with Golden Glow exclusively. And so—I guess Miss Parley is the Golden Glow girl for 1945."

Elaine sputtered, struggled for a moment. But she could not extricate herself. Her own clever lie had been well thought out, and she was caught in the trap of it.

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Even in ordinary times, the demand for 'Celanese' is unique. Small wonder, then, that in these days when quality counts more than ever before—and wartime measures restrict supplies—there is not sufficient 'Celanese' to meet the needs of everyone.

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Greaseless
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CREAM RUB acts 3 ways at once

When your child gets a cold it's no time for experiment! Get it under control fast with this better—quicker—surer "thermal" treatment that has been proved by mothers during many a cold winter. It acts 3 ways at once to clear nasal passages, relieve sore throat and break up croupy chest congestions.

Speedy "Thermal" Action

Rub Wintrol over throat and chest and see how quickly it relieves shivery aches—makes little ones warm and comfortable for the night while its "thermal" action goes to work. Made by the makers of Buckley's Canaditol Mixture, and available from all chemists and stores.



**Buckley's
WINTROL
RUB**

THE ARMY'S IN THE KITCHEN

STAFF-SERGEANT BILL MARSHALL rolled over in bed, opened one eye, and discovered his wife and a breakfast tray directly in his line of vision.

"Hullo," said Bill, sitting up and reaching dangerously for both of them at once. "Susan, I love you."

"You'd better," said Susan, trying to maintain the tray's equilibrium and give her husband a kiss at the same time.

"Well, I do. I don't know whether it's habit, inertia, or just my natural broadmindedness, but there it is. I love you. What time is it?"

"After ten, my pet," said Susan. "Frankly, I've lost my faith in the Army. I always thought soldiers woke automatically at five."

Bill acknowledged this tribute with a gracious bow. "S'affanoon—" he said suddenly.

"Sergeant," said Susan reproachfully, "didn't your mother ever tell you not to talk with your mouth full?"

Bill gulped. "No, as a child I led a very sheltered life. That was before I met you," he added kindly. "What I was going to say when I was so rudely interrupted was about my plans for this afternoon. My plans for this morning are very simple. I finish my breakfast, spend a couple of hours looking at you, and then I have my lunch."

"Energetic," Susan approved. "Vigorous. I like a man who surges right ahead and gets things done."

"I'll wear my serge suit," Bill promised, and dodged a dirty look. "In re this afternoon. Why wouldn't this be a good day to look for that raincoat I want? We can do it in a peaceful sort of way, knocking off for tea at frequent intervals when I feel faint from hunger, and then we can come home to dinner, and I can hold your hand all evening. I'm feeling very sentimental to-day."

Susan sighed. "Look, I hate to be practical at a time like this, but we've got guests for dinner."

"Guests?" said Bill in dismayed tones.

"Tommy and Anne," Susan reminded him. "You said you wanted them, and your slightest wish is law." She leaned over and kissed his nose.

"Oh, well, we've still got the whole afternoon. We can—"

Susan put a hand on his brow. "Darling, I want much to go rain-coating with you, but the truth is the dinner won't cook itself. If Anne and Tommy are going to get a decent meal I'll have to dedicate most of the afternoon to shopping and cooking."

"Nonsense," said Bill comfortably. "Ten minutes shopping, a little cooking, and I'll set the table. That gives us lots of time to ourselves."

"Cease babbling," his wife retorted. "The shopping alone takes ages."

"That's ridiculous," said Bill firmly. "Why, in the Quartermaster's Corps, we can feed a hundred men with less than an hour's notice. We can—"

"That's the Army you're talking about."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, things are different, Bill. Civilian eating habits have had to change."

"You read that somewhere," Bill accused. "It seems to me I've had the same kind of food since I came home that I had before I left."

"Well, of course," said Susan, with mild exasperation. "I've been trying to have things special for you, darling. But, if you want to see something awesome, you should see what your furlough's done to my budget."

Bill laughed tolerantly. "Look who's telling who about food costs," he said. "Honey, I live, eat and

breathe ration computation tables and commissary accounts. You're probably just letting the butcher and grocer take advantage of you. As a matter of fact, I thought the chops last night were a bit tough."

"Oh—Bill!"

"I'm not criticising, sweet," he said hastily. "You manage beautifully. But after all, a little thing like two guests for dinner shouldn't upset our whole day."

Susan got up off the bed and took his tray.

Bill said, "You women make altogether too much fuss about little housekeeping details. If you planned things more carefully—"

"I'd like to see you get a dinner," said Susan.

Bill grimaced up at her. "I could, easily enough. In fact," he said suddenly, swinging his legs over the side of the bed, "I'll do it."

"You'll—what?"

"I'll get the dinner. It'll give you a nice rest, and I can probably let you have some useful tips about shopping—you know, price and food values and things. We get to know a lot about those in the Quartermaster's Corps."

"Oh," said Susan feebly. "You do, huh?"

"Yes," said Bill. "Look, Angel, I'll tell you what. Why don't you go downtown and find my raincoat for me? You know what I want. Then, when you've found it, give me a ring, and by that time I'll have everything under control, and I'll meet you downtown for tea. Then, when we get home, I can just pop the things on to the stove—you know, the last-minute things."

"Just—pop them?" said Susan carefully.

"Sure. Anne and Tommy aren't coming until seven, are they?"

Susan shook her head. "But, Bill—"

Bill cut her short. "Don't give it another thought," he said masterfully. "I'll take care of everything."

She left him shortly after lunch, with the parting warning that the ration coupons were in the desk drawer. "Guard them with your life," said Susan. "They're precious."

"O.K.," he kissed her good-bye, and then, whistling contentedly, wended his way to the kitchen and sat down with paper and pencil to plan a menu.

This was almost too simple for a man used to dealing in platoons. Meat, potatoes, a green vegetable, dessert, rolls, and coffee. Nourishing and well-balanced. For meat now, they would have steak. He decided next on baked potatoes, swimming

richly in butter. For a green vegetable—well, he would see what was in the market. That was the economical way to buy. For dessert, they would have apple pie.

He reached for his cap and departed, but at the door he remembered that Susan had babbled of ration coupons and he went back to find them in the desk drawer, as advertised, along with two newspaper clippings headed "Table of Coupon Values." He looked at the meat coupons. There were lots and lots of them.

Bright with confidence, he galloped forth again, maintaining a devoted clutch on the coupon book.

It was much later when he returned, laden with packages. A good deal of the gallop had gone out of his step, and he handled the purchases as if they were gold, not groceries.

On the table lay his carefully planned menu. He picked it up. Steak. The butcher had greeted that item with a nasty sardonic laugh.

The butcher said he had practically sold his soul to get chops for Mrs. Marshall, and for no other lady would he have done it. How about some nice mince steak, and Mrs. Marshall could make a meat loaf.

Bill decided not to explain who was doing the cooking. A meat loaf sounded nourishing as well as economical, so he said he would take two pounds.

Feeling restored, he progressed to the grocer. The first thing to fall through there was butter, and with the butter fell the potatoes.

Smarting indignantly, Bill had decided to feed his friends on rice, and the only green vegetable available was spinach.

He opened the package now on the kitchen table and peered inside.

He would start, he decided, with the apple pie because that would take the longest. Spinach and rice you simply boiled. Coffee you just tossed together. The meat loaf—

He reached for Susan's cookbook, draped himself against the stove, and began to read some fascinating literature on meat loaves. It seemed they needed about an hour to cook. Plenty of time for the meat loaf after the pie was done.

He turned to Pies, Apple. The only recipe he had ever seen for apple pie started off with a hundred and sixty-eight pounds of flour and went right on through nine hundred and

"Susan," said Bill humbly, "I never intended to make such a mess."

seventy pounds of apples and eighty-two lemons. Consequently, the cookbook's offering of eight apples seemed rot to him. At least it did, until he remembered he had forgotten to get apples at all.

"Curses!" said Bill wrathfully, and went to the phone. The grocer would be happy to send over the apples; they would arrive about five o'clock. Would that be all right? No, said Bill, explosively, it would not be all right.

The grocer was unmoved. Would Mr. Marshall like to come over for his apples, or would he like to wait until five o'clock?

Mr. Marshall again reached for his cap.

He returned with the apples to find the phone ringing and Susan on the other end. Bill let out a yelp. She wasn't to have called until tea-time.

"It is tea-time," said Susan, "and I've found you a beautiful raincoat. Are you having trouble getting dinner?"

He said indignantly that everything was going very smoothly, and added: "But maybe I shouldn't meet you for tea after all, sweet. As a matter of fact, I've had some interruptions. You don't mind my not coming downtown, do you?"

There was a thoughtful pause at the other end. "Bill, darling," said Susan, "don't you think perhaps I'd better come home and help you?"

Bill said a hasty and firm "No." "Everything's under perfect control," he assured her, and said good-bye before she could make any more objections, snatched up his bag of apples and shot toward the kitchen like a madman.

It was, on the whole, somewhat easier to specify "apple pie" on an Army menu than to plunge head first into one. He managed to get the flour sifted without dumping more than half of it on his trousers, but the dripping was another matter altogether.

He finally got it into the flour, where it sat, leaning at him uncooperatively. "Work in the dripping," said the cookery-book cheerily.

Bill rubbed his brow, leaving flour on it, and tried a tablespoon, a fork, and a spatula before he gave up and simply used his fingers. The result was much more encouraging.

He poured a cautious amount of water into his mixing bowl and surveyed the result grimly. What con-

stituted a "paste," anyhow? On the whole, it seemed rather damp. Damp, perhaps, than a piecrust should be. In fact, it was going to be very difficult to line a pie-dish with it.

On second thought, not difficult, but impossible.

Bill reached for the flour and poured in more until he had what answered to a paste. This he put into the pie-dish—it seemed rather a thick crust, but no doubt the book knew best—and popped it happily into the oven.

Next the filling. Eight apples, three-quarters of a cup of sugar—a skimpy recipe it seemed to him. He liked his pies sweet, so he added another lot of sugar for luck.

It took ten minutes to find the spires, and by that time he estimated that his piecrust should be turning golden-brown. He opened the stove and peered in. The piecrust was lily-white.

He had forgotten to light the stove.

He lit it, turning the gas on full, put his apple filling back on the table, looked at the clock, winced slightly, and turned his hasty attention to the meat loaf. The loaf, under the present schedule, would have to go into the oven just as soon as the pie came out. Looking at that the right way, though, the timing was rather clever.

He put the mince steak cheerfully into the mixing bowl and took another look at the recipe, nothing for the first time that the cookery-book thrifflily called for a tin of corn to make the meat go further.

Susan, improvidently, had no corn on her shelves. She had bottles of tomatoes and peas, but no corn. He took the peas down thoughtfully.

When you thought about it, tinned corn and peas were not so unlike in shape. There seemed to be a good deal of juice along with the peas, but it would make the loaf nice and moist.

Next, one egg, well beaten.

He then added a cup of bread-crumbs, some salt and pepper, and minced onion.

This he stirred into his delicious, if somewhat damp, meat loaf and tucked the whole thing into the loaf-tin, finding out just as he finished the process that he should have greased the tin first. Well, it was too late to do anything about that. All that remained now was to pop the thing into the oven and—

Please turn to page 15

By B. J. CHUTE

mical, so he said he would take two pounds.

Feeling restored, he progressed to the grocer. The first thing to fall through there was butter, and with the butter fell the potatoes.

Smarting indignantly, Bill had decided to feed his friends on rice, and the only green vegetable available was spinach.

He opened the package now on the kitchen table and peered inside.

He would start, he decided, with the apple pie because that would take the longest. Spinach and rice you simply boiled. Coffee you just tossed together. The meat loaf—

He reached for Susan's cookbook, draped himself against the stove, and began to read some fascinating literature on meat loaves. It seemed they needed about an hour to cook. Plenty of time for the meat loaf after the pie was done.

He turned to Pies, Apple. The only recipe he had ever seen for apple pie started off with a hundred and sixty-eight pounds of flour and went right on through nine hundred and

think perhaps I'd better come home and help you?"

Bill said a hasty and firm "No." "Everything's under perfect control," he assured her, and said good-bye before she could make any more objections, snatched up his bag of apples and shot toward the kitchen like a madman.

It was, on the whole, somewhat easier to specify "apple pie" on an Army menu than to plunge head first into one. He managed to get the flour sifted without dumping more than half of it on his trousers, but the dripping was another matter altogether.

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says

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Kraft Cookery
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3 Since the Oslo Lunch found its way into Opportunity Clubs in Melbourne, the Camperdown Children's Playground in Sydney and many other schools within the Commonwealth, Australian children have put on weight, gained in height and general health faster than children on ordinary foods.



4 Rich in Proteins, Vitamins A and D, the Milk Minerals, Calcium and Phosphorus, Kraft Cheddar Cheese is the basis of the Oslo Lunch. Kraft Cheese stays fresh and delicious to the last slice ... has that real cheddar flavour.

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AND YET I LOVE HER

Concluding our romantic serial

By DOROTHY BLACK

PEERING through the gloom inside Mara's hut, Peregrine saw Dickie lying with his arms flung above his head, and the little cat neatly packed up for slumber beside him. But Mara wasn't there. The heap of dry grass and fern he had gathered for her bed was empty. He could see the little hollow made in the middle of it where she had only recently been lying.

He did not know why he was so afraid. But suddenly there was nothing in his heart but cold fear. Then he saw her. She came running to him out of the mist. She flung herself, sobbing, into his arms.

"Perry, look! Look! I thought I heard them, but I didn't want to wake you until I was sure. And it is one of ours. You can see the flag on her mast. Oh, Perry, we're saved."

For a moment he did not move. He stood looking straight in front of him, with a queer strained expression she could not understand. She thought: "It's been too much for him, the anxiety and the shock." She cried, shaking him: "Perry, it's all right. Don't you understand? Oh, darling, it's all over."

The mists drifted away. Now they could see the destroyer, grey and ghostly, lying far out beyond the reef. Now they could see a picket boat making its way through the opening into the lagoon. A voice hailed them presently through a megaphone.

"Please proceed to end of reef for identification. The guns of the destroyer cover the island."

He moved then. He put his arm about her, and strained her to him for a moment. Then he passed a hand over his eyes, with a queer, bewildered motion. As if he awoke from a dream. He went down to the water's edge slowly. She saw him in the moonlight clambering over the rocks. Now he was talking to the men in the boat.

They were saved! Dickie would get proper food, and medicine and attention. Tears streamed down Mara's face, but she was hardly aware of them.

Peregrine came back over the beach, and with him now was a tall young naval lieutenant.

"Nick Brander, at your service," he said, and bowed politely. In all a not unexciting career, he thought, this was the most romantic thing he had ever done—rescue a pretty girl at midnight from a coral reef! And then he stumbled, and righted himself, quickly, peering down. "My heavens, what's that?"

"Only Ethel, a turtle. Sex unknown," said Peregrine, still in that strange, dead voice of a sleep-walker. He bent down and untied the unwilling captive. It spun immediately, so that it faced the sea, and made off into the shadows in blundering haste. They heard a flop and an ecstatic wallow, as she, or he, went out of their lives for ever.

Dickie slept. Peregrine rolled him

up in a blanket and carried him down the beach, and he slept on.

Mara stumbled over the rocks, after Peregrine and the young lieutenant, to the waiting boat. And the young lieutenant gave her his hand, because Peregrine had his arms full of Dickie.

Mara had forgotten so many things. She had forgotten how lovely it was to bath with hot water and use real soap.

They brought her a pile of papers. Most of them were several weeks old, but they told her all the news she had missed, and the things they did not know. She folded the last paper and was putting it back with the others when something else caught her eye.

Peregrine's face, rather grim, his eyes steady under the peak of his cap, looked out at her. Captain Peregrine Gairloch, she read, awarded the D.S.C. for outstanding courage and seamanship when in charge of a convoy.

He hadn't told her! And then she realised the chances were he did not know. The paper was a month old, but Peregrine had been away from England much longer than that. Excitement and happiness choked her, so that for a moment she was very near tears. He had spoken of himself only as a man of no reputation. A man finished. But he was wrong. Whatever he had done in the past, this would wipe it out.

Peregrine looked at the picture of himself and the caption under it, almost disbelievingly. When he did speak, his voice was almost angry.

"Why, there wasn't a thing I did that a dozen other chaps didn't do far better."

She had hoped so much he would be pleased. She wanted to point out to him that it was a new beginning. Once again he would find that he was one of the best officers the company had. There were moments when she almost found it in her heart to wish they had not been rescued. . . . Not just yet. On the island there had been plenty of time. She could always talk to him. Here it seemed to her he eluded her.

They never had five minutes alone together, and the thought grew in her mind that he wanted it that way. Peregrine was not a man to acquiesce in any arrangement that did not suit him. If he wanted to talk to her he would make the opportunity. She shook her head in bewilderment, heart sick. And turned her whole attention to Dickie.

Dickie needed a good bit of attention just then. Maybe it was reaction, and the sudden return to regular meals and a civilised life, but Dickie was decidedly cantankerous.

"Come on, Dickie. Look—here's your lunch on a lovely tray all to yourself."

"There's nowhere to sit," mourned Dickie. "Now if Ethel was here, she'd just shut herself up and be my little chair, only now I have no one. No Perdi, or cat, or Ethel—"



"I've loved you all my life," he murmured, drawing Mara into his arms and kissing her.

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" said Mara desperately. She confided in Nick Brander later, when Dickie slept. His face lit with sudden inspiration.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I believe I know of something."

He returned with a string in his hand. On the end of the string was something. At first sight it was difficult to decide just what it was. It resembled a small calf with donkey's ears, and it wagged a large tail clumsily from side to side with an expression that seemed to say if there were any fun going it would be delighted to join in.

"One of the bakers smuggled him aboard. I thought perhaps," said Nick vaguely, "he might help."

MARA said, enchanted, "He'll probably save my life. Here, good dog. . . . Get down." She backed, for the dog appeared to be trying to throw its arms round her neck.

"I'm afraid he's fearfully loving," "Dickie will like that. What's his name?"

"Flower. Or Flour. I don't know which, and neither appear very suitable."

The creature, however, suited Dickie admirably, and caused him to brighten visibly in the following days.

Looking out of the porthole one morning Mara saw the familiar pier of the Colombo landing stage, and the lighthouse rising up in its original fashion from the middle of the town; and the palm trees and the tangle of catamarans would have told her it was Colombo, even if she had not caught the strange atomate cinnamon smell that came over the water.

Dickie was peering down into the harbor waters when she went on deck, a nostalgic look in his eye.

"Ethel would have liked this," he

said sadly. "She could have swum here, on a rope."

"Now, Dickie, for goodness' sake don't start that all over again. Go and get a piece of string for Flour and we'll go ashore and buy him a proper collar and lead."

"Ethel could have had a lead, too."

"Never mind about Ethel now. There will be toy shops," she said cunningly.

"Oh." He perked up. "And will my mummy and my daddy be here to meet us?"

"You never can tell," she prevaricated, brightly. Let them first get him safely ashore. After that, she would have to do something about the diabolical business.

It was wonderful to be clean, and wearing pretty clothes again. To look in the mirror and see yourself once more, and not a sort of female version of Robinson Crusoe. She had shopped lavishly for herself and Dickie, and longed to shop for Peregrine, too, but somehow she was afraid. He was so cold and distant. She couldn't understand him.

But Nick Brander and the lieutenant-commander had both wanted to take her dancing ashore. They hadn't seen a pretty girl for months, and it might be as many months before they saw one again. She had had half a mind to say yes. Maybe if Peregrine saw that someone else wanted her, it would give him the idea to take her dancing himself.

But words of Sandy, the first officer, came back to her, a grim warning. "Whiles when we get ashore he's terrible wild."

There did not appear to be anything at all wild about Peregrine, as they dined together that night in the gold-and-white restaurant, but he seemed merely silent and depressed. They had gone together to look at Dickie, asleep. Dickie, much

fortified with a tin aeroplane and a red balloon.

"What will you do with him when you get home?" asked Peregrine.

"Why, I shall keep him with me." There was surprise in her voice that there should be any question about it. Now, looking at him over the dinner table, she wondered was that what worried him? The prospect of being landed for good with somebody else's child?

If it were—well—it couldn't be helped. She had given her word to Nancy and she knew she must keep it, no matter what it cost her. No matter what secret dreams and plans got scuppered because of it.

"Funny," said Peregrine, with strange littleness. "How little I really know of you, Mara. In spite of all we've been through."

Before she had time to answer, there was Nick Brander, very spruce in his white uniform. "Will you dance?" he asked.

"I don't know if I still can," she laughed.

"I'll show you how, if you've forgotten." He smiled down at her, young and gay and charming. Dancings with him, she felt young and gay herself again. He sang stanzas of the song tunes. He talked of what he was going to do when he got back home.

But in spite of all his charm, she longed to get back again to Peregrine. She would say to him, lightly: "Come along and dance, Perry?" And perhaps he would forget his depression and come, and with his arms about her, and his cheek close to her own, it would be easier to talk to him than it was in the rather staring light of the Galle Face Restaurant.

The music died. She hurried back to their place. But Peregrine had gone.

Please turn to page 19

Sister, you should be spanked for scrubbing clothes these days!

WELL THE CLOTHES WON'T GET UP AND WASH THEMSELVES

NO OFFENCE, SIS, BUT IT'S FOOLISH TO USE OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS WHEN **RINSO** MAKES WASHDAY SO EASY

RINSO'S SUDS ARE RICH AND THICK, YOU DON'T EVER NEED TO RUB AND SCRUB, JUST THINK HOW THAT CUTS DOWN WEAR AND TEAR!

SO SHE TRIED RINSO

MAM WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL, MY CLOTHES ARE BRIGHTER THAN I'VE EVER SEEN THEM, AND **RINSO'S** GIVEN ME THE SPEEDIEST WASH EVER

THE BETTER THE SUDS, THE BRIGHTER YOUR WASH, AND **RINSO** GIVES THE RICHEST, THICKEST SUDS OF ALL. THEY SAVE TIME... SAVE THE CLOTHES, TOO.

Rinso



*"To love and to cherish
from this day forward"*

In mutual trust rests their future happiness . . . confidence in a common destiny and faith in the future. Happy the bride who cherishes in her trousseau the very newest hosiery by Prestige . . . Confidence, the finest, sheerest stocking for years . . . Confidence with a rare softness, new colours, new glamour, to complete the chic of any ensemble, and to make her forever lovely and desirable in the eyes of her loved one.

Confidence

by

Prestige

Let's finish the job! Buy War Bonds.

Hunger, privation did not subdue their spirit



ARMY SISTER, Lieut. "Tootie" Keast, of Junee, N.S.W., talks with Major-General E. C. P. Plant and Lieut.-Colonel Constance Fall, who met the party of released nurses.



SMALL NEPHEW and a bunch of boronia are clutched by Matron Joyce Harris, who was matron of the civil hospital at Rabaul.



CAPTAIN KAY PARKER, A.A.N.S., of Croydon, N.S.W., was welcomed by her 69-year-old father (right) as she stepped from the plane.



PLANTING A KISS on the Liberator that brought her home—Sister G. E. Kruger, of Queensland.



FLORAL FROCK, bought before she went to Rabaul, was saved by Sister Dora Wilson to wear home.



EMOTIONAL EMBRACE as Sister Dorothy Mays, of Drummoyne, is greeted by her brother. Sister Mays was in charge of the Government Hospital at Kavieng.

Rabaul nurses laughed over birthday "feasts" of bad meat

By DOROTHY DRAIN

When women tell you of such hunger that pillows were wet from mouth-watering dreams of food, that they washed maggots from stinking scraps of meat and ate it—and when the same women tell you that they laughed and joked during years of Japanese captivity and sum up their treatment as "fairly good," what do you make of it?

You can only be filled with renewed wonder at the incredible resilience of the human spirit—such resilience and bravery as none of us who slept safe at home in war will ever fully comprehend.

THESE sixteen women, humiliation—bowing to and taking orders from arrogant Japanese guards—which were the vanguard of the thousands of prisoners whose homecomings dwarf for us the whole news of the world.

"Compared to lots of the men," say the women, "we were lucky."

You realise more than ever the truth that everything is comparative. For these girls have a story of privation and

And when you talk to them you don't know what to record first . . .

—The two Jap guards who made three months of the two years in Yokohama "a reign of terror," bashing them and making bayonet lunges at them in a useless endeavor to break their spirit.

—That morning at Rabaul when

News of P.O.W.s on other pages

- Singapore prisoners see first Australian girls — Page 11.
- Prisoners return from Singapore and Tokio — Pages 16, 17, 23.

nurses and nuns saw the Japs, tommy-guns trained on them, leaping like monkeys, in their spit-toed boots, over the fences of Vunapope Mission towards them, when they stood praying "Oh, let them shoot us now and get it over with."

—Or the way that the girls laughed when they told that they made birthday "feasts" from long-saved half-inch scraps of meat and carrot tops, and ate up all night with pains because the meat was green and bad.

Four Army nurses sat in a ward at 115th A.G.H., Sydney, while they told their story. They were Kay Parker, "Tootie" Keast, Mavis Cullen, and Lorna Whyte.

They sat round in dressing-gowns with flowers in their hair and laughed and talked and ate.

Every few minutes (it seemed) a tray came in—morning tea, egg-flips, chocolates, and then a hearty lunch.

The night before they had had their first hot baths since they left Australia.

Continued on page 10

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 29, 1945

MASSACRE OF NURSES

NEWS of the appalling massacre of 21 A.I.F. nurses on the beach at Banka Island came as a climax of horror to the stories of suffering and cruelty told by returning prisoners of war.

Of 65 nurses who embarked from Malaya on an evacuation ship only 24 will return.

Of the 41 who will not come back 12 were drowned, 21 machine-gunned in the back, and 8 died in prison camp.

If ever, anywhere in the world, a plea for mercy or leniency for the Japanese race is heard, there will rise before Australian eyes the accusing picture of 22 gallant women walking, with heads held high, into the sea as the Japanese machine-guns opened their murderous fire.

Because one of them survived the horror, the outlines of the picture are clear.

We do not have to guess what happened on Banka Beach. We know.

In the hearts of every nation at war the nurses who accompany fighting men into front-line service have a very special place.

They are honored even by the enemy — unless he happens to be an uncivilised savage.

Civilian nurses, bound on errands of mercy among the worst under-world dens, are never in danger from the most hardened criminals.

But Australia's nurses were not safe from the Japanese.

No British citizen forgets the name of Nurse Edith Cavell.

Australia now has her own Edith Cavells to remember.



LIEUT. LORNA WHYTE, A.A.N.S., of Hay, N.S.W., received a joyful welcome from her three sisters.

Hunger, privation did not subdue spirit

Continued from page 9

ASK any of them what they talked of most and you will be told: first food and recipes, second of home.

Everyone got to know all about everyone else.

"We can all tell you the whole family history of every woman. We know all the troubles and the names of everyone's second cousins," said Kay Parker.

"When we got out of the plane everyone knew everyone else's relations, although we'd never seen pictures of them."

All have put on about two pounds a day since they were liberated.

"When we got the news of peace the Japs gave us food after the years of starvation," said Captain Kay Parker.

"In three days 19 women ate 90lb. of meat. The Japs gave us 20 tins of salmon each, two bottles of beer, 1lb. of butter, a tin of milk."

"Imagine that after years of living on carrot and turnip tops and such a little bit of rice that many of us saved our three meals for one meal in the evening—and even then some girls walked about at night because they couldn't sleep for hunger."

"Of course, when we ate all the meat we were sick. Our stomachs swelled. We had awful pains. We just waited till we felt a bit better and ate again."

The four Army sisters and some civil nurses evacuated to Vunapope Mission at Kokopo the day before the Japs landed.

For the first nights after they were taken prisoner ten girls slept, fully dressed, in a 10ft. x 7ft. room for protection.

The natives brought them food. The nuns were wonderful to them. When the nuns knew the girls were to be taken to Japan with officer patients they gave them bits of material, needles, and thread.

After six months they were taken to Japan, and there, for the first two years, they lived in the Yacht Club at Yokohama, and later in a house at Totuka, outside Yokohama. They made themselves clothing

from curtains and sails they stole from the building to try to ward off the bitter cold, and sandals of wood. They had no soap.

They stole silk from "religious bags" they had to knit for Japanese soldiers. They built themselves beds from scraps of timber.

They ate glue from envelopes they had to make.

They polished the floors with boot polish because they had no shoes, and they even decorated their rooms with pictures from magazines. There were about 100 copies of "Time" at the club.

Kay Parker cut out a picture of Thomas Dewey.

"The guards were always asking who was Australia's Number One man," she said.

"I told them Curtin, and said that was his picture. Every time the guard came round he would point at Dewey, and say, 'Curtin'."

They had a picture of the King and Queen on the wall. The guards didn't recognize them, though they often made cracks about "Georgie."

"The Japs couldn't understand why we were so cheerful," said the girls.

(When you know that they worked digging air-raid trenches, cutting tree stumps, carting coal, cleaning

out choked-up latrines, you are not surprised at the Japs' puzzlement.)

"Visitors were always coming to stare at us as curiosities. We had to bow to them."

"They would ask were we happy because we were in Japan, and we told them no. It was because we were Australians."

There was no medical attention. One girl, Eileen Callaghan, was ill for 12 months. (She has remained in Manila in hospital.)

"They were hounds," said Kay Parker. "They wouldn't give us any medicine for her."

"They were always asking us to do things for them," said Lorna Whyte. "One day they got Kay to climb on the roof and fix a telephone for them. They didn't know how to fix it."

For 12 months there was a woman guard. She was "sneaky," carried favor with the women when they had the few Red Cross parcels they received; at other times reported them to the men guards for nothing.

Never did the girls lose their spirit. They used to follow the maps in Japanese papers when they could get them.

"We will win in the end," they used to tell the guards.

The first indication they had that the war must be nearly over was when the children stopped throwing stones at them, and the Japanese guards begged them to tell the Americans that they had been good.

"The Americans will cut our throats if they know we have been cruel," they told the women.

An old coolie woman living behind the prison camp heard the news of peace, and told the prisoners, who ran on to the road and saw a convoy of Americans go by.

The following morning an American officer arrived at the camp and took them to Aitangi airfield.

There are two messages that all the nurses want us to give.

One is thanks to the Australian and American Red Cross for what they did for them since liberation.

The other is their love to any of the boys of the 2/22 Battalion who may be among the liberated prisoners coming home.

Being home is like being born again

By BETTY NESBIT

"BEING home is like being reborn. For three and a half years we've been dead, completely cut off from our world."

So said Mrs. Kathleen Bignell, M.B.E., who returned from prison camp with the nurses.

The adventures of the Bignell family, of Manly, N.S.W., really need a chapter to themselves.

Her husband, Mr. Charles Bignell, escaped from the Solomon Islands, where he had a plantation. He sailed a small boat to the New Hebrides, and later joined the U.S. Small Ships Section as a captain.

Her son-in-law, Dudley Roberts, son Teddy, and herself were all captured at Rabaul.

As yet there has been no news of the two men.

In the three weeks that Mrs. Bignell was in Manila after being liberated she put on almost two stone in weight. During her imprisonment in Japan she weighed 8st. 4lb.

"Food," she said, "I talked about all the time."

"It upset me the first morning I was home to see Margaret, my daughter, throw out half a loaf of stale bread. I remembered how we had longed for bread."

When the Japanese landed at Rabaul Mrs. Bignell was at her plantation home, which during the war she converted into a convalescent home.

When she rang Army Headquarters to ask for advice, they told her to go to the hills.

She and two sick soldiers who were at the home set off. It took ten days to travel the 150 miles through the jungle.

They arrived at a Catholic Mission station where many civilians had gathered.

Journeyed back

THEN Mrs. Bignell heard that her son Teddy, a member of the N.G. Volunteer Rifles, was at the Bignell house, so she made the journey back.

When she got back she couldn't find her son, but there were eight other men camping in the garden.

"There we stayed until the Japanese found us," she said.

"I was outside the hut plucking a fowl which I had just shot, and which looked like being our last good meal for a while."

"I heard a noise, looked up, and saw men crawling toward me. They looked like some horrible species of animal with their green camouflage all over them."

"They barked at me (there's no other word). I put my hands up, all covered with blood and feathers from the fowl, and stood waiting."

"My dog flew at them. They came up to me and started to hit me across the face and bang my head. One of them bashed his rifle butt down on my foot."

"They then took me to Kokopo, on the coast, where the Roman Catholic Mission was. The other women were there, too."

"I heard later that my son turned up at my house two hours after I was captured and was taken prisoner."

Mrs. Bignell said that in all their imprisonment there was never any attempt on the part of the Japanese guards to molest them.

"They said insulting, degrading things to us, and were quite revolting in their attitude, but from a moral point of view they left us alone."

At the Yokohama Rowing Club, the women had bathing facilities and clean lavatories.

"In our final camp at Totuka we had two baths in a year."

"The Japanese latrines in this house, formerly an asylum, are too terrible to think about."

"The gardens round the house were fertilised with human manure, and we lived with that stench in our nostrils all the time."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

Ex-prisoners see first three Australian girls

Stop in their tracks as Air Force nurses appear

From EDDIE DUNSTAN in Singapore

Six thousand of our prisoners of war at Singapore saw Australian girls for the first time for three and a half years when I took three flying nurses out to Changi camp.

Diggers stopped in their tracks when the girls entered the camp, but quickly recognising them as Australians they gathered round in hundreds. The girls were plying with questions and invited to innumerable cups of tea. They entered dozens of huts, chatting to the men, giving them the latest news of home.

ONE sister said, as she left the camp, "What impressed me most was the boys' amazing spirit. One dismissed his 3½ years in Jap hands by saying, 'It's been worth it for what has been achieved.' It was clear that was how they all felt about it."

Morale of A.I.F. prisoners of war has always been high.

Everywhere we went in Changi we found evidence of the unquenchable Australian spirit.

They were much more interested in questions about good old Aussie, the races, and the Bridge, than in talking about their own long and wretched ordeal.

Pretty, trim Senior-Sister Margaret Braid, of Perth, Sisters Helen Cleary, of Peterborough, and Margaret Wroe, of Brisbane, spent several hours at the camp visiting all sections, including the hospital where their appearance had a tonic effect on the patients.

Among the patients we met here was veteran Ben Wilson, of Belfast Street, Geelong (Vic.). He is 63, but when he joined the A.I.F. at the beginning of the war was only 40! He is a corporal, and was a captain in the 1914-18 war, and also fought in the Boer War.

He told Sister Braid:

"I have two boys in the Air Force. One I know is back home. The other I don't know about. Last I heard he was flying over Germany. If I find them both safe I will be happy."

When Margaret commented on his long record as a soldier he smiled.

"Unless there is a bath-chair brigade I won't be looking for any more wars."

I met the sisters at Singapore's Goodwood Park Hotel, which is now Recovery of Allied Prisoners of War and Internees' headquarters. They were talking with Australian prisoners of war who had come in from camps in connection with R.A.P.W.I. details.

Last time I had seen the two Margarets was in Nadzab early this year



PTE. EDWARD LAWES, of Sydney, being examined by U.S. Army nurse in Tokyo. Many Australians are now on their way home after being released.



SENIOR-SISTER MARGARET BRAID, of Perth, who met Australian soldiers in Singapore.



SISTER MARGARET WROE with a patient in the aircraft in which War Correspondent Dunstan first met her with the air medical evacuation at Nadzab last March.



They were then flying our wounded home from New Guinea and Bougainville. Now they are here to fly our prisoners of war down to Bangkok. Almost the first person they met at Changi camp was Captain Ben Barnett, Australian Test cricketer. We left him to run into Flight-Lieutenant "Huck" Finlay, former international Rugby player, and before the war A.B.C. manager in Brisbane.

"Huck" joined our party as guide. Until three months ago he was a prisoner of war in Sumatra, then was transferred to Changi camp. Before we had gone far, Sister Wroe had met an old patient. He was Cpl. Rod Brown, of Kallanga, Queensland, whom she nursed in Brisbane General Hospital in 1941.

"This is too much," said Rod. "Look, I am shaking with excitement."

Indicating his bare feet, he grinned apologetically, and said: "I have just had some boots given to me. They are the first I have worn for

months, and my feet are all blisters."

Margaret Braid meanwhile was talking with Kelvin Woolf, of Collingwood (Vic.), batman right through to Major Bruce Hunt, of Perth, of whom we were to hear plenty from Diggers, and whom we met later that day. Kelvin, who is devoted to the Major, said: "I am going back with him, and will settle in the West."

Also in the group round us now were Cpl. Jack Farrell, of Proserpine, getting Queensland news from Sister Wroe and Major J. Rossen, of Shepparton (Vic.), who was senior dental officer with the A.I.F. in Malaya, and has been in Changi camp since Singapore's fall.

More food

HE told us how dentures had been made in camp of perspex scrounged from Jap planes.

Incidentally, "scrounge" is the euphemism for any method by which prisoners of war acquired "extras."

In the "ward" set aside for cases of extreme debilitation the girls chatted with and brightened the spirits of both Australian and British patients.

In the temporary absence of the medical officer, Major Hunt, who was busy, Sgt.-Major Alan Buttenshaw, of Sydney, introduced us to the men. He explained that all malnutrition cases came to this ward. There were 200 patients in the ward when we visited it. Until three weeks ago the average weight of patients was 100lb. Buttenshaw told us that in the last three weeks, during which the Japs, with the end near, increased food supplies, men had gained up to a stone. He told us, too, how prisoners of war who received slightly higher rations for heavy duties had cheerfully given these to the men in hospital.

"It meant a bit of extra rice and

a few extra greens for our chaps," said Buttenshaw.

Main complaints from which these men were suffering were debility, chronic malaria, beri beri (deficiency disease which produces enormous swelling).

Very excited, as he had just learned he was to move out in a few minutes and go aboard a British hospital ship for England, was Pte. John Harper, of Yorkshire. Pale and dreadfully emaciated, Harper was a game, pleasant person, and gave me an idea of how much British prisoners of war thought of Major Hunt.

"He has certainly done a great job," Harper said. "He has never favored the Aussies, which might have been only natural. We British chaps are thankful for the good he has done."

Two Australian patients nearby heard Harper's remarks, and they, too, had warm words of praise for the Major.

These men—Sgt. Alec G. Gordon, of Sackville Street, Greenslopes, Brisbane, and W/O. Leonard Dawson, of Goodwin Street, Narrabeen

(N.S.W.)—were members of "F" Force, which was sent from Changi to work on the Siam-Burma railway.

This force, consisting of 3000 Australians and 3300 British, suffered shockingly at the hands of the Japs, thousands dying in the jungle. More than one thousand Australians died, but British deaths were even higher.

Hunt, a brilliant doctor, with a striking personality, was medical officer in charge of the Australian section of the force, and all who came back from the dreadful ordeal agree that but for him our losses would have been much heavier.

Gordon said: "He did a marvellous job. Most of us in 'F' Force consider he earned the V.C. Not a day passed that he didn't breast the Japs, and get bashed."

Fought cholera

DAWSON said: "If it had not been for him I doubt if a single one of the 1800 of us in No. 1 Camp of 'F' force would have survived. Cholera broke out, and Major Hunt, working under the worst possible conditions, stopped it."

Other Australians the flying nurses met and chatted with in this ward were Sgt. Sydney Dickens, Pittwater Rd., Narrabeen (N.S.W.); Lance-Cpl. Robert Sellers, Campsie (N.S.W.); Pte. Ben McFarlane, Wollongong (N.S.W.); Pte. Frank Bellew, Ernest St., Crows Nest (N.S.W.).

Pte. Thomas Rogan, Broadford St., Bexley (N.S.W.), showed the sisters a pen sketch he made of a barrack-square incident, in which, on September 2, 1942, Japs crammed 16,900 prisoners of war from Singapore in a square built to accommodate 700, in an effort to force them to promise not to attempt to escape. Japs failed in their purpose, and after four days of this inhuman treatment they agreed to a compromise, by which prisoners of war signed "on orders," pointing out to the Japs they did not consider themselves bound by the promise, to which the Japs rather dumbly agreed.

Pte. Rogan's sketch, which was five feet long, had been made with meticulous attention to detail.

The girls' visit concluded by seeing men in the Changi gaol, in which the Japs crowded 6000 men in a space planned for fewer than a thousand as a T.H. ward.



HOW MEN WERE HOUSED at Changi. In this 50-metre-type hut, classified as 300-men hut, 250 men had to live.

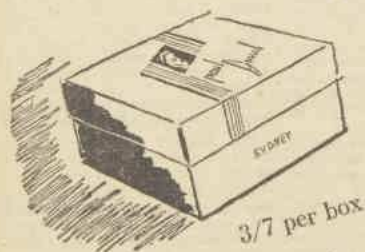


CPL. BEN WILSON, when he enlisted for the Boer War at 17, as a lieutenant when he sailed for the last war in 1916, and when he joined up again in 1940. He was gassed in the last war, and invalided home and discharged in 1918.

IN PARIS
they say
"beauté"

BEAUTY speaks a universal language.
In Paris, it tells of make-up that is
delicately discreet . . . achieved, mainly,
by the "bloom" of an incomparable
face powder.

PAUL DUVAL offers you this same enchant-
ment. Face powder incredibly fine and
clinging . . . and in four perfect shades.



RACHEL FOCÉ (Rashed Fonsy)
... a creamy magnolia tint.
PÊCHE (Paish)
... a warm, peach-pink tone.
SPANISH OLIVE
... a muted tan for light, olive skins.
SAFARI TAN
... gives that envied sun-bronzed look.

"beauté" is French for Beauty
just another word for

Paul Duval

PERSONALISED COSMETICS

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

OPPORTUNITIES, changes of a beneficial nature, general ease of mind and some degree of good fortune are now likely in the lives of those people born under the signs of Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius.

All such people should plan different channels for advancement, and then seek out ways and means of turning their efforts to good account.

Many Leonians and Sagittarians should benefit also.

Those born under the sign of Aries must beware losses, opposition, partings, and upsets.

Those born under Cancer and Capricorn may be beset by many obstacles, worries, and delays. Caution is advised. No new projects or important changes should be attempted.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be on guard against all separative conditions in your affairs. Be discreet, patient, wise. Keep to routine tasks. Avoid quarrels and changes, especially on Sept. 28, 29, and 30.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Resist over-confidence n.w., consolidate recent gains. Sept. 25 (near sunrise and evening) fair. Sept. 26 very fair (except to 1 p.m.). Rest of week very poor.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Plan ahead for constructive gains, changes, and promotions now, seek desired goals. Utilise Sept. 28 (early morning and mid-evening). Sept. 29 excellent (except 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.). Sept. 30 (morning and evening) good. Sept. 31 (from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.) fair.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Beware difficulties of all sorts. Live quietly now, especially on Sept. 27 (afternoon), 28, 29, and 30. Let all important matters wait over.

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 21): A helpful week possible. Plan wisely, work hard. Sept. 28 (from 1.30 p.m.) and Sept. 30 (from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.) and vice versa: both good. Oct. 1 fair.

VIRGO (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): Sept. 25 and 26 quite fair. Sept. 27, 28, 29, and 30 poor. October 1 good (from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.).

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Gains, changes possible now. Sept. 22 (evening) fair. Sept. 28 excellent (except 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.). Sept. 29 (afternoon) poor. Balance fair. Oct. 1 very good (9 a.m. to 3 p.m.). Oct. 2 fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Sept. 28 (from 2 p.m.) very fair. Sept. 29 (forenoon to dusk) fair. Rest of week poor. Live quietly.

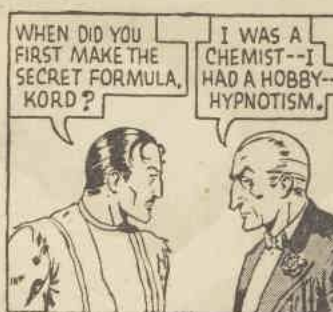
SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Oct. 1 can prove quite fortunate (from 9.30 a.m. to 2 p.m.). Oct. 2 fair. Rest of week unpropitious. Routine best.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Be wary at this time. Dodge changes, obstacles, worry. Discreet. Especially on Sept. 27, 28, 29, and 30. Discretion and patience strongly advised this week.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 21): Seek desired goals and changes now. Success possible. Sept. 28 poor (to 1 p.m.), but from excellent. Sept. 29 good (forenoon and after dusk). Oct. 1 and 2 be cautious.

PISCES (Feb. 21 to March 21): Unpropitious days for the most part, though Sept. 27 and 28 difficult. Sept. 29 and 30 poor. Routine work best now. Plan ahead.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]





*"A woman's life is a history of the affections;
The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire."*

—Irving.

The heart is her world

Peace is your province though in war you worked nobly for Victory. And now that Peace is won, you will give thanks that we have been spared. In this there is no more practical way than in helping your man to subscribe to this War Loan. Yes, it is a War Loan because money is needed to restore our Fighting Forces to their homes and families, to care for our prisoners of war and to heal all the sick and wounded now in hospital. There is still a big job to be done, a job you will regard as a privilege to help finish. A Bond can be bought for as little as £1 down and 5/- a week. Budget for at least that much as your personal contribution to the repatriation of our Fighting Forces.

FACTS ABOUT THE FOURTH VICTORY LOAN.

1. All you lend will be used only for War and Repatriation. Bonds for £10, £50, £100, £500, and £1,000, or Inscribed Stock may be purchased for cash or by instalments through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office or Stockbroker.
2. Interest is payable each six months, at 2½ per cent. for five years, or 3¼ per cent. for 16 years. Repayment in full at maturity is guaranteed by the Commonwealth. Your Bonds or Inscribed Stock are readily saleable to meet an emergency.

3. You lend, not give, your money. On your application form, credit your subscription to your district to help its quota.

YOUR MONEY IS NEEDED IN THE
FOURTH



VICTORY LOAN

Let's finish the job!

(V24-148)

The Army's in the Kitchen

STAFF - SERGEANT MARSHALL made two leaps across the kitchen and grabbed for the oven door, burned himself, yelped, whirled wildly round the room sucking his finger, rushed back armed with a pot-holder, and snatched open the oven.

The piecrust was done. In fact, a cynical person might have said it had been done for some time. He reached for the filling, and at this moment of his life discovered the fundamental mistake of not reading the whole recipe through first.

It seemed that what he should have done was to put the apples into the uncooked crust, and then baked it. Also, it now turned out, very underhandly, that he should have saved half the crust for the top.

Growing gently, he put in the filling and thrust the whole thing back into the oven. The crust already had a healthy sunburn, and more cooking was going to do it no good, but he hoped vaguely that the apples would absorb the heat away from the crust.

He put the meat loaf on the top shelf and scowled at the clock, then grabbed for the spinach. He didn't care for spinach, but it was certainly peaceful stuff with which to cope.

The rice was more complex, because the package said that three-quarters of a cup would serve six people. This was clearly pure propaganda, because when you got three-quarters of a cup measured out it wasn't enough to interest a canary.

"Must be a misprint," said Bill, and looked at the directions again. "I cup." No doubt what they meant was 3-4 cups. He would put in four, just to be on the safe side.

"Whoosh!" said Bill. It was anxious work, racing round a kitchen trying to keep abreast of developments. He opened the window and leaned out, inhaling deeply, and congratulating himself.

Everything was pretty well under control now, and Susan was going to be very pleased and impressed.

He drew another deep breath of fresh air, then gave a sudden alarmed squawk. The fresh air was full of smoke. Bill spun round.

THE smoke was pouring out from the oven in intricate coils, and it was accompanied by a rich odor of burning piecrust. He flung the oven door open and peered anxiously inside.

The first thing that was made clear to him was that he had been deluded in his hope that the apples would absorb the heat away from the piecrust. This was false. Except for the thrilling way the sugar was running in sticky streams over the side of the piedish and down into the oven, the apples seemed to be as uncooked as ever.

The meat loaf had bubbled gummi-ly over the side of the pan and was pouring down on to the apple-pie.

Bill uttered a hollow, dejected moan.

He turned despairingly to see what the spinach was doing.

He was not to learn until later that the spinach had boiled dry without enough water and was nestling adhesively on the bottom of the saucepan. The delay in his discovery of this unhappy fact was caused by the rice.

There was nothing, however, that could be done about the rice, and he could only stand and watch it, spell-bound. It was pouring over the edge of the saucepan in a white flood—thousands and thousands of tons of rice, enough to feed a million soldiers. Enough rice to feed all China.

Bill stood paralysed in the middle of the kitchen floor, the honor of the Quartermaster's Corps lying at his feet along with the rice and some of the more adventurous peas.

The rice flowed on like some mighty tide, compensating in its vigor for the black despair of the piecrust. A thin caramel began to form on the bottom of the oven. A

Continued from page 5

few more peas popped out of the meat loaf and went rolling down to Rio. The burning saucepan of spinach began to make its presence felt.

At this moment a key turned in the lock of the front door, followed by the always enchanting sound of Staff-Sergeant Marshall's wife coming home.

She came out into the kitchen, her arms full of packages.

"Susan," said Bill humbly, "I never intended to make such a mess. Something went wrong."

"Didn't it?" said Susan.

Putting down the packages she turned off the stove—a precaution which had not occurred to her embattled husband. The flood receded slowly, leaving behind it a desert waste of rice and peas.

Coolly and deftly, Susan picked up a pot-holder, reached into the oven, and took out the apple-pie. Meat loaf hung devotedly to the edges of the dish.

"As a matter of fact," said Bill unhappily, "I was trying to be economical. That's what happened to the meat loaf—I guess I shouldn't have tried peas in it." He paused. "I guess I used too much rice, too. And the pie," he added in a masterpiece of understatement, "the pie burned. I didn't realise—"

Susan turned round to look at him, and he broke off. Whatever Susan said or did, he had it coming to him.

What Susan did was to give her husband a kiss.

What she said was, "Darling, don't look so miserable. As a matter of fact, I can never make an apple-pie myself."

Bill looked at his wife. She had always been beautiful, but at this moment she was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Speechless with gratitude, he folded her in his arms.

The doorbell rang.

Bill leaped like a gazelle. "It's Anne and Tommy." He let go of his wife and gazed round frantically, calculating the chances of their hiding behind the stove until the crisis was past. "What'll we do?"

Susan took off her hat and isolated it in safety on top of the breadbox. "Go and let 'em in, darling," she said calmly, "and charm them into not noticing that supper's late."

"Supper?" said Bill, gazing round at the last days of Pompeii.

"Ummm." She reached for an apron. "We'll give them waffles and tea, and I've got some tinned peas somewhere round. They won't starve." She smiled at him. "Run along, my best beloved sergeant."

He gazed at her for a moment in wonder and in awe. Then, knowing that he was leaving the home front in good hands, Staff-Sergeant Marshall headed for the door.

(Copyright)

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"I'd like to join, but I'd hate to go back to short pants again."

WORTH Reporting

AN American artist, Laurence Vail, has taken up bottles as a new medium.

He is transforming all types of bottles into objects d'art. Vail's best-known bottle work is entitled "Madame Bovary," after the heroine in Flaubert's story.

Madame Bovary's foundation is an empty Scotch bottle.

She is built of green and white glue and pink plaster superimposed on the bottle base.

Her round, protruding eyes, blue, and shining vacantly, formerly belonged to a doll.

Her long, beckoning arms are pipe-cleaners.

Madame Bovary has been purchased for several thousand dollars by a collector of surrealist art.

Although Vail's work may sound fantastic outside New York, New Yorkers themselves are taking him seriously.

Several of his one-man art shows have drawn huge crowds.

In the foreword to his catalogue for these exhibitions Vail says: "Yesterday my daughter Peggy met a picture maker, Kialing, who said to her: 'Well, well, I hear your father's now working on bottles. He used to empty them in old days.'"

Queue lament

THE queues of holidaymakers at London railway stations have become something of a joke to any one who doesn't need to go by train.

A woman had been waiting in the Brighton booking-office queue at Victoria Station for about two hours and a half when she suddenly exclaimed in exasperation: "In five minutes the train I should be coming back from Brighton in will be leaving there."

"I only want to go down for half an hour on business. It certainly would be quicker to write and not nearly so hard on the feet."

Gipsy's warning

LAST summer there was a lavender hedge in Gravesend, England, so lovely that people came long bus rides to see it.

A gipsy offered to cut and buy the flowers. The owner refused. The gipsy, angry, declared that the hedge would wither.

Then she went to the house over the road, where there were some beautiful carnations blooming.

Again she offered to buy, and again was refused.

"No more carnations will grow in this garden," she said.

This summer two of the lavender bushes died, the rest have not bloomed, and no carnations have flowered in the other garden.

FRESH complexion of personnel of a Royal Navy destroyer might be traced to a week's shortage of water, according to Sub-Lieut. Lord Completion, who visited Melbourne.

Rationed to one pint for the week, ship's company took a leaf from Hollywood beauty book and cleansed their faces with condensed milk, washed off with sea water.

Sisters' ballet

ABOARD the mercy ship Duntroon, which is bringing Australian prisoners home from Singapore, is "Medion," whose weekly article on health is an Australian Women's Weekly feature.

"All aboard have a strong sense of responsibility," he wrote on the outward voyage, "and are eagerly studying."

"Small groups on the decks listen to experts' lectures on psychology, Malayan language, hygiene, and nutrition. Army Ambulances organised a splendid concert on board."

A highlight was an Army Sisters' Ballet, with Sisters Stockton, Lloyd, Deig, Jones, and Brooking taking part.

"A great demand is expected for concerts in the reception camp at Singapore."

Film Reviews

★★ MADONNA OF THE SEVEN MOONS

FAR removed from the usual ingenuous romance, this British film released by GBD is distinctly adult fare. Co-starring lovely Phyllis Calvert (in a dual role) and Stewart Granger, the prewar story deals with the split personality of an Italian girl.

Part of her life is spent as the estimable wife of a rich wine merchant. Periodically she disappears with a gipsy cut-throat who heads a gang of thieves.

She has no recollection of her gipsy life when she returns to her home in Florence. Though medical evidence is produced to prove that such a situation is possible, the film is pretty incredible and the acting is patchy.

Phyllis Calvert tries hard to be the Italian type, but never succeeds in doing more than looking lovely as the society matron and the wild gipsy.

Stewart Granger as Nino the gipsy is more in character, but best acting is that of Nancy Price as the gipsy mother. She gives a brilliant little study. Settings are first-rate—Embassy; showing.

★★ ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

WARNERS pay glowing tribute to the Merchant Marine in this melodramatic tale of a Russian-bound freighter.

The film is overlong, and although there is plenty of action and suspense when the ship is attacked by enemy subs and planes, there are also many dull spots.

Humphrey Bogart brings a graphic reality to his role as first mate, and Raymond Massey turns

in his usual fine performance as the captain of the ship.

As the wives of the two men, Julie Bishop and Ruth Gordon appear briefly, but poignantly.

The members of the ship's crew have obviously been selected carefully, and stand out as real people. Sam Levene, Alan Hale, and newcomer Bernard Zieve give sterling performances.—Tatler; showing.

★ FLAME OF BARBARY COAST

STAR turn of this period piece from Republic is the reproduction of the San Francisco earthquake, which is excellently staged and photographed. With John Wayne and Ann Dvorak leading a long cast, the story of the adventures of a Montana cattleman (Wayne) on the Barbary coast drags badly in parts. Ann Dvorak, who returns to films after an absence in England as an ambulance driver, sings and acts well as Flaxen Tarry, the night-club queen.

Joseph Schildkraut as a "gentleman" gambler is suavely tough, and there is good support from the other players, especially from Virginia Grey as the rival to Miss Dvorak—Capitol; showing.

★ SUDAN

WITH exotic Maria Montez as an early Egyptian queen, Universal present another technicolor spectacle of the sort which is unfortunately becoming far too frequent. Overburdened with mass cast and enormous sets, this film is a strain on the eyes if no strain on the intellect.

The story has the usual handsome young king (Turhan Bey) in disguise, the scheming courtier (George Zucco), the rapacious vagabond (Jon Hall), and the beautiful queen, who is kidnapped and sold into

WELL, WELL!

"MacArthur has the respect of myself and the Japanese people," said Tojo in an interview before shooting himself.

STR, for more hide it would be far to seek. Our term is (blanky) cheek.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Soldier memories

A DELAYED message from "Joshua," A.I.F., whose articles we have printed in former issues, came to hand last week.

It told of how men in Borneo received the news of peace, and though more than a month has passed it's still worth quoting:

"Emotion has been so repressed that even the announcement of war's end did not produce a frenzy of demonstration."

"It went too deep for that."

"Men who had wildly cheered race finishes on the radio took Mr. Attlee's broadcast almost silently."

"Each man had his own thoughts, as they greeted each other with 'It's over.'"

"Thoughts flew to Bill, in Malaya, or Ted, presumed dead in Japan, or Nugget, lying under his mound of earth still moist."

"Salvo Bloke"

IN the town area ("Joshua" said) the "Salvo Bloke" enlivened his "Hop Inn" by wearing white trousers bearing in bold black print "The Japs are out."

Chief topic of talk was what men would do when they got out.

A farmer summed it up typically:

"I suppose a man will get old Strawberry in the ball and shout:

"Atten-shun! Pick up your dressing there! Up in the rear! Horns erect! Steady! Stand at ease—stand easy. Smoke if you've gottem!"

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

slavery, to be rescued for the happy ending with the handsome king. Miss Montez shows off her brief wardrobe with full effect, and Turhan Bey may add to his box-office appeal with his determined acting as King Herua. Jon Hall is just Jon Hall faintly disguised as Merab the vagabond.—State; showing.

★ SALTY O'ROURKE

HORSE-RACING, intrigue, and gun play abound in full measure in this Paramount story starring Alan Ladd in a tough-guy role. As Salty O'Rourke, a gambler, whose attempts to repay a debt by racecourse gambling involves him in a lot of trouble, Ladd is his usual cold, hard self.

Best performance is that of Stanley Clements as the jockey who poses as Ladd's young brother.

Gail Russell, as the schoolteacher with whom Ladd falls in love, still retains the somewhat hangdog air she has had in recent films.—Prince Edward; showing.

ORSON WELLES' latest crime is painting in oils. His favorite subject is clowns. He spends his Sundays daubing canvases, and assures us with dignity, "I was a painter before becoming an actor. In fact, I was on a sketching tour in Ireland when I attended the Abbey Theatre performance which changed my mind and became an actor." Actor Joseph Cotten will be the first person to receive one of Welles' paintings. He will hang the clown portrait in his drawing-room.



TWINS MEET. Dr. Ray Kimber and twin sister Joan, of the A.A.M.W.S., has an emotional reunion. Though she has been a service-girl for three years, Joan's appearance in uniform was a surprise to Ray.



FAMILY WALK. W/O. J. H. ("Tim") Dooley, of Springwood, with his wife and nine-year-old daughter, Adrienne. W/O. Dooley worked on the Burma-Thailand railway and was later taken to Japan.



FEEDING DADDY. Eileen Johnson gives Pte. Francis Johnson the first cake he has tasted for years. Mrs. Johnson had to tell her husband how to reach his home, as she has moved in his absence.



MATES FROM WILCANNIA. Cpl. F. C. ("Barney") Woodberry and Dr. H. J. ("Nugget") McQueen. They met in Malaya when Barney was wounded and Nugget drove him to hospital, have been together ever since.



CPL. JIM LAMBOURN, of West Wyalong, of his three children was only a few days from home when he left Australia.

"There is many a heart g

Wonderful week of reunions
as ex-prisoners come home

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

The Australian people have known the extremes of emotion in this last week — immeasurable joy at welcoming home men lost for nearly four years, deep anguish as the story unfolds of nurses, soldiers, civilians massacred and tortured by the Japanese.

Nearly every day there have been poignant reunions. Flying-boats, bombers, trains, and ships have brought home 8th Division men, airmen, Navy and Merchant Navy seamen.

THE first few who came home looked thin, and very tired. But there was a grin on every face, and it lit up for a few seconds the weary, almost remote, eyes. And the men walked with the good old A.I.F. swing.

There wasn't much privacy for these emotional reunions, but it didn't seem to matter.

At the Red Cross Canteen at Concord Military Hospital little knots of families quickly built their own privacy round them.

Here was Pte. Roland John McMahon, clutching his small nephew, Bruce Handcock, in his arms, with his four sisters, Joan, Sheila, Ita, and Dacia, all trying to fling their arms round him at once—and their corner of the canteen had become the McMahons' home at Kurrajong.

Pte. Francis Johnson sat with his little daughter Eileen on his lap, his wife explaining how to get to their new home—turning their table into the Johnson house at East Balm.

In a far corner a pretty girl stood close to her husband, just looking at him. Now and then she put her hand out and patted his shoulder.

as if to make sure he was really there.

A small, neat woman clung to her tall son's arm. She made a brave attempt to control her tears. There was a roar of cheering from canteen workers and the crowd as the men and their families came in.

The mother looked quickly at her son's face and saw the welcome was too much for him.

Immediately she was calm. "Come over here, love," she said, and led him away to a quiet table.

Two brothers shouted each other's names and fell into each other's arms. For minutes they clung to each other, swaying on their feet and saying nothing.

A father held his little daughter up in his arms. "Darling, you're nine now, and you're prettier than ever," he said.

Some of the men will talk to you of the things that happened to them, about the huge working parties that went out and the few who came back, the cruelties and humiliations.

But they understate it all the time, because they have had to understate it to themselves and because such men as these could adapt themselves even to treatment that has so shocked their people at home.



Sometimes they seem to pause to grope for words. One man described how "the Nips used us as horses."

Teams of 25 men had to haul heavy motor trucks that had no engines, pulling heavy loads of rations and firewood.

Pte. Allan ("Bluey") Hewitt, of Temora, lost one and a half stone in No. 4 camp, 100 miles from Tokyo.

"The Japs knocked us about pretty badly," he said in explanation.

Hard to sleep

THE prisoners had nothing but their inadequate rags of clothing, and sometimes wooden clogs, sometimes Japanese slit-toed boots.

They lived in warehouse buildings, with an extra story provided by a wooden floor. On this and the ground floor there were two long wooden shelves on which the prisoners slept.

"It was hard to sleep," he said, "because the shelves were covered in fleas, lice, and bugs."

"However much we tried we could not get rid of them. All we could do was wash the shelves down, but it didn't help much."

"Often they marched us out into the snow," he added.

Bitterest memory of the men who were at Tokyo is the fate of one of their mates who was kept standing naked in the snow for seven hours, and died next day.

In their prison camps the subject the men had discussed most was what they were going to do when they came home.

But in the excitement of actually being here some of them have lost track of their plans.

"It's just enough to be home," they say. "I can't think beyond home and the family. I just want to stroll round and look at everything in my own time."

Making a telephone call, catching a tram, going into a shop to buy



FIVE CHEVRONS being sewn on by two Aamws for two ex-prisoners, Pte. "Bluey" Hewitt (Temora), and (right) Pte. W. Larkin (Wagga), who was a prisoner in Bulgaria during last war.



Youngest
all when
ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME for Lance-Corporal Pat Brislan, of Croydon, from his three nephews, Patrick, Roy (whom he had not seen), and Kevin Brislan.

grows lighter"



FAMILY AND FRIENDS waited at his East Bankstown home for E. F. Bulley on his first night's leave. Father, Mr. C. L. Bulley, is seated at left, mother is pouring tea at right.

...these are all things they
...think about and tell you
...st.
...mates from Wilcannia were
...down to get back to the West as
...as they could.

...they are Cpl. F. C. (Barney)
...dony, who was a drover, and
...H. J. (Nugget) McQueen,
...people are on a property,
...la.
...peace and quiet" is what they
...want.

...Barney said: "We've been among
...colored noise for years. I'd like
...get back to the old life, among
...chick and horses again."
...new two enlisted in different
...ones in Victoria and one in
...Australia. They met on Feb-
...ry 1, 1942, when Barney was
...and Nugget was the driver
...ambulance that picked him

...Bert Dennett seemed to be
...with his family in Mildura
...he was talking about it. He
...wanted to be fishing again
...the Murray.
..."Very fond of fishing," he said,
..."the only fish we've seen were
...little things like white-
...but smelt terrible."

...men are athirst for news to
...up on the three and a half
...they have missed.
...spends hours looking at jeeps,
...and other new war equip-
...at Borneo. They hesitate about
...saying "Awas," "Aamws,"
..."Aaaf." They were very
...at the "Hokey Pokey," which
...they danced at Cairns for the
...time. They stopped talking to
...fresh fruit.

...in the canteen, when one
...being a soft drink, he picked
...the bottle and read the label
...were something strange and
...ful.

On their first day they drank one
cup of tea after another.
"I wouldn't say how many cups
I've drunk," a driver said. "I'd
better not, either. I hear you have
tea rationing at home."

Tea was plentiful in the prison
camp, he explained, but it was the
milk and sugar that made it so
good.

Catching up on new slang is one
of the returned prisoners' difficul-
ties, but they have brought a new
word to give in exchange.

It is "Yesmay," which is the
Japanese term for "spine bashing,"
the soldiers' phrase for taking a
rest.

After a couple of days of good
food, deep sleep, and the sight of
their families, there was a miracu-
lous change in the men.

Their faces seemed to fill out,
and their eyes were brighter.

Invincible spirit

THEY were full of the chinking
that characterises any Australian
soldier anywhere.

"You're no Clark Gable, Bill," they
yelled at one man who was called to
the telephone from the queue lined
up to receive chevrons and cam-
paign ribbons.

"Put an ad. in the paper for me,
girlie. P.O.W. with few quid wants
a lady companion, view mat," an-
other said.

And here is proof, if proof were
still needed, how the spirit of the
8th Division survived.

"If the Allied landing had come,"
a young Tasmanian said, "we could
have helped."

"We worked on Kranji aerodrome,
digging tunnels and foxholes. We
knew the whole lay-out of the
defences."

"We would have had a try at



taking the aerodrome, killing the
Nips in their tunnels if they didn't
kill us first."

One man may treasure a battered
wallet. Another shows you his only
souvenir—a tiger tattooed on his
arm. A few have Japanese money.

A sergeant presented to his wife
the spoon with which he ate his
pitiful ration on the Burma railroad
and in the prison hell near Tokio.
A canny one tells you he has
treasured a clock "lifted" from a
Jap fighter to bring home to his
daughter.

Apart from such treasured sou-
venirs, the men have brought home
nothing but their tired bodies, their
unbroken spirit, and the memory
of the mates who died beside them
during those terrible years.

But they have brought home to
their countrymen a great and abid-
ing responsibility.

Even the poignant phrase "Lest
we forget" seems inadequate for
those ghastly, proud years through
which they lived and died.

We will remember forever,

INVALID MOTHER. Mrs. K. Sinclair, of Appandale, waited in a taxi for her son, Dr. J. C. Sinclair. He was the last man in the last bus to arrive at Concord Hospital in the first batch who came by Catalinas.



HOME AT MOSMAN. Sgt. Geoff Farle with his mother and his sister on either side of him. Sgt. Farle is engaged to Miss Helen Lush.



Recipe for Romance

From a mist of tulle the bride's radiant face vies with her flowers for dewy loveliness. In her heart she blesses the gentle care that Palmolive soap has given her skin ever since she was a baby. The rich, velvety lather of Palmolive beautifies the skin while it cleanses because the special blend of olive and palm oils, contained in Palmolive soap, gives you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe. Use Palmolive faithfully for your daily facials and your shower or bath. Let Palmolive be your recipe for beauty.



Palmolive Soap for that Schoolgirl Complexion

NICK'S voice

broke through the anxiety that shattered her gaiety. "Anything I can do?"

Nick had been hoping against hope he might get another dance, and his spirits had lifted when he saw the other chap had gone. Then he saw Mara's face, and his gladness evaporated. "Do you want him? I'll go and see if he's in the bar. That's where most chaps are to be found."

She shook her head. A tendency to shiver crept over her. "He won't be in the bar. He'll have gone down to the bazaar. I must go after him."

She ran upstairs and got the old tattered tweed coat that had seen them through so many adventures.

In the outer porch at the top of the steps she found Nick waiting.

"I've got a brace of rickshaws," he said simply. "If you must go off on this crazy expedition, I'm coming with you. But I don't think you know what you're doing. I suppose," he added gloomily, "that this means you and he—what I mean to say is, that you are engaged, or going to be."

"I don't know," she said bleakly. "All I know is he's the only man in the world for me, Nick. These things happen and you don't have any choice."

"In that case," said Nick savagely. "I suppose we shall have to find him!"

Their rickshaws bowled through the dark streets, and into the bazaar, without sighting Perry anywhere.

They went along the wide macadam road that skirted the sea, the wind in their faces, the only light from the stars.

Suddenly the silence was broken by Mara's voice.

"Stop! Oh, stop!"

It was incredible that they should have found him, after all, in the darkness. But Mara had seen him at once. He was sitting alone on one of the wooden seats on the sea front, close by a tall clump of palm trees that leaned down over the water. She jumped from the rickshaw and went over to him.

Nick stood, at a loss for the moment, cursing softly. He had hoped till the end they would not find the fellow. Well, it was no use. He wasn't wanted. He paid off the two rickshaws, tipping them so nobly that even they could find no cause for complaint. Then he walked sadly back to the hotel.

Mara was so glad that for a moment she could find nothing to say at all. She had been wrong. She had thought he was off on one of his wild outbursts. And all he had really done was come out here to be alone.

She sat down beside him and slipped her hand into his. He turned then with a start, and looked at her, almost like a sleepwalker awakening.

"What are you doing here?"

"That's just what I was going to ask you! Perry, you gave me such a fright. I thought you'd gone off somewhere."

"That's what I meant to do. Why can't you leave me alone to go to the devil in my own way?"

"Perry, what's come over you? On the island things were so much better. I thought everything was going to be all right. We seemed to understand each other."

"I'll say you understand me! I'll say things were going better. Shall I tell you why? Would you like to know what I'd planned to do? Then I'll tell you. You'll see the sort of person I am. You'll really understand then. I meant to make love to you. I meant to try and make myself necessary to you, as you once made yourself necessary to me, Mara. I tried to make you think I'd forgotten, and I meant to go off laughing, when we got back to civilisation, and leave you. As you once left me."

There was a little silence. The surf on the sand sang its everlasting song, the palm trees bent over the water to listen.

"Well," Mara said, "why did you not go on with your precious scheme, Perry?"

His voice was almost a cry.

"Because I can't. I can't. I told myself that you were no longer as

And Yet I Love Her

Continued from page 7

beautiful, as dear . . . I told myself I would never again let a woman bewitch me. And then seeing you with that kid; sticking to it because you'd given your word . . ."

She put her arms round him.

"Darling," she said, "I love you even if your heart is as black as you're trying to make out. Because you're my man, and I'm your woman. And we'd better face the fact, and stop kicking against the pricks. I stopped long ago."

"Oh darling, darling. You don't really mean it, Mara, you don't know."

"And I don't want to. You wouldn't listen to me, when I wanted to tell you my life had been one long wretchedness and waiting for you, and wanting you. All those years when I was just an ornamental housekeeper to a man I didn't love. When I wanted to tell you money

Animal Antics



"I'm worried sick, Tillie. He only gained forty pounds this week."

never bought me anything I wanted, until it bought me that ticket out East, to Rangoon."

"Listen, Mara . . ."

"You wouldn't listen to me. Now I won't listen to you. Keep your hateful past to yourself, since I may not tell you mine. I don't like you much. I just love you."

"Darling one . . ."

"So it's too late to start . . . Her voice broke. She pressed his hand against her cheek impulsively. "Oh, Perry. We could have a lot of fun."

"You'd risk life with me—a man like me?"

"Don't you see, that man is dead. You'll go back and get a fresh start. Don't you see, after what they said in the paper about you?"

He turned then, and she saw that he was half blinded with tears.

"You do love me a little?"

"I've loved you all my life," he murmured, drawing her into his arms and kissing her.

Could happiness make so much difference to a man, Mara wondered, touched. Peregrine, over the breakfast table, looked several years younger. He even allowed Flour to lay his head on his knee and slobber all over him—so that Dickie said, enchanted, "Oh, then, you do like dogs!"

"I adore them. And Flour seems to me this morning the flower of them all."

"Still," said Dickie, the note Mara had learned to dread creeping into his voice. "I prefer turtles. Any child can have a dog, but not so many children have a turtle that will shut up and make a neat little seat to sit down on. Now when I'm out, if I get tired, I don't have anywhere to sit down."

"For heaven's sake, don't start all that again," said Mara, exasperated. "Look. I'll take you down to the harbor to see the ships."

"Ethel would have liked the harbor," mused Dickie sadly. "She could have swum there. On a string. I would have held one end . . ."

"Listen," said Peregrine. "I'll buy you a little cart, and you can harness Flour into it and sit in that! Perhaps he could sit in it and you could push him round."

"I want a monkey, that's what I want. Like Ferdi. Or Ethel. Someone to play with, that's what I want."

"You're a very spoilt little boy," said Mara, severe for the first time. "That's what you are. Now come along, we're going out."

They went down to the harbor to see the ships. They all wore working clothes nowadays. Gone were the lovely pink funnels, the gracious sweeping white-and-red slides. Only a hospital ship, lying at anchor within the harbor's sheltering walls, stood out like a lovely swan among a lot of rather shabby grey geese. Little grey launches puffed busily about. There was the old familiar rattle of winches, the old happy sea smell.

She was almost sorry when Dickie came along, saying, "Please, can we go home now, Mara? I've seen enough ships, now. And Flour would like to go home, too."

What a skinny little boy he was, with his hair stuck down with heat on his small forehead.

She ruffled it up with her hand, and dried his face, and then, impulsively enough, she kissed him. She had promised Peregrine she would tell him to-day about his parents.

She took him on her knee when they got back to the hotel and began to talk to him, with Flour snuffling in the floor beside them.

"I want to tell you something about your mummy and daddy, darling."

"Oh, do you, Mara. I want to tell you something about my mummy and daddy, too!"

"Oh?" said Mara, a trifle disconcerted, but thinking it best to humor him. "I wonder what you could be wanting to tell me about them?"

He looked at her, and wrinkled his nose the way he had when anything pleased or intrigued him. Then he nodded his head violently.

"I saw them. They were coming in a big boat and it rocked up and down, and there was a flag flying on top of it. An—ah— He was obviously off into the flowery realms of imagination, and she led him back gently to the present.

"Listen, darling, that's just a story. A very nice story, of course, but it isn't true. Your mummy and daddy won't be coming for—quite a long time."

"But I saw them, Mara. They had hats on."

"Darling, I want you to listen and try to understand . . ."

He began to wriggle on her knee, tired of her eloquence. Anxious to be off.

"Please can I get down, Mara. It wasn't a game. I tell you. I saw them . . . And there they are!"

He ran from her, over the lounge to the top of the steps, straight into the arms of Nancy.

It was some little time, in all the excitement and tears, before anyone said anything that was particularly sensible. Phillip, very thin and yellow, was helped into a chair, from where he surveyed his wife and child, rather like someone partaking of a dream he hardly believed in.

"It's Dickie. It's my own Dickie!" sobbed Nancy. "Oh, Mara, how am I ever going to thank you? It's my own Dickie, and he's alive . . . He's quite safe."

"I knew you'd come," said Dickie, tracing her eyebrows fondly with a not-too-clean finger. "I waited for you. Mummy, do you remember 'Tiger, tiger, don't bite me? Can we play it again? Can we go back to Baseline, to Ferdi, and all of them?"

Nancy could only smile at him, through her tears, but Dickie, without waiting for an answer, chattered on:

"I had such a sweet little turtle. His name was Ethel."

"It was all thanks to Sein Tin. He got us out. The afternoon you left, the evacuation sign went up, and they didn't operate on Phillip after all. And Sein Tin suddenly appeared and took us down to a friend of his, who took us over the river,

and then we got to the hospital ship."

"And we were shipwrecked. Mummy. And my little cat got all wet . . ."

"I was sure you had both been caught . . ."

Into this bedlam came Perry, a trifle nonplussed. It was some time before anyone was calm or sensible enough to explain the situation to him.

"How we're ever to thank you for bringing them safely out of it," said Phillip, shaking hands with Perry.

"And oh, mummy, my little turtle! He was the sweetest little turtle and he shut up like his and made a little seat for me."

Nancy drew her son to her lap. "Listen, darling. You must be sensible."

Mara had the strangest sensation, as of loosened fetters, as of falling loads! An immense lightness of heart enveloped her as she realised the hopeless task of trying to inculcate into Dickie some modicum of reason, some grain of commonsense would no longer be up to her.

There was nothing to wait for. Peregrine and Mara were married quietly in the little church on the road to Mount Lavinia—with the boom of the surf breaking against the sea wall the only music they had. Sparrows rioted cheerily about the aisle.

Mara did not delude herself. There would be sorrows enough ahead, but first there would be a little joy. Peregrine would go back to his real loves, the big ships. She would keep a home for him in Scotland, in Liverpool, in America . . . What did it matter where it was? He would come home to her.

NANCY and

Phillip and Dickie were the only wedding guests. But to Mara, the simple little ceremony was more touching than the most impressive formal function she had ever attended.

She closed her eyes. It wasn't only for themselves she sent up a prayer. It was for Sein Tin, and for Sandy, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee and all the other kind people who had been so mixed up with her life for a little while . . . And then through the stillness Dickie's voice pealed, talking to his father in the porch.

"And she was such a dear little turtle daddie. I want to tell you about him. He could shut herself up like a seat, daddie."

As they drove off for their honeymoon, Peregrine's fingers tightened about Mara's hand.

"Darling, have you realised that is what we are probably laying up for ourselves in years to come? An endless apate of apparently quite reasonable chat . . . Somewhere in the Never-never land, a dreadful child is probably casting a weather eye on the pair of us, sipping us up as prospective parents and deciding that we will do."

She leaned her head on his shoulder.

"I'll take the risk."

"There's just one thing," said Peregrine. "If it's a girl, darling"

"Yes?"

"We won't call her Ethel . . . Somehow that is a name I never want to hear again."

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

THEY ROCKED AMERICA!
And now Australian audiences are absorbed in the riotous adventures of Pam & Jerry North. Join the gay party every Thursday night!

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To chill you
To fill you with mirth

MR AND MRS NORTH
Radio's gayest most adventurous pair

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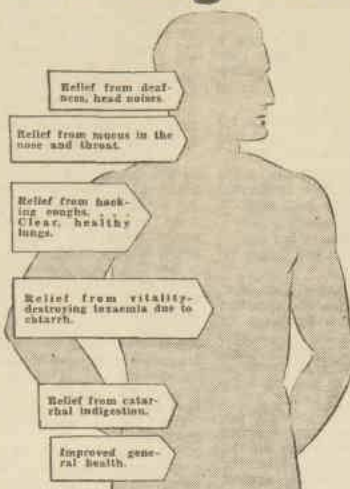
LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH. LANTIGEN "B" FOR ANTRUM INFECTION. LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHITIS

Life-long Sufferers Praise Immunisation Treatment!

Acclaimed Beneficial and Safe Treatment for

CATARRH

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, CATARRHAL COLDS



IMPORTANT BRITISH MEDICAL DISCOVERY MICRO-ORGANISMS DISSOLVED

In the case of chronic diseases such as catarrh, rheumatism and septic conditions, the poisons in the system use up or destroy most of the hydrotropins or dissolving substances in the body. Unless these dissolving substances are present in sufficient quantity the organisms in an ordinary vaccine cannot be brought into solution. Therefore the ordinary vaccine, whether taken by mouth or by injection, is rendered either partially or totally ineffective. The reason is that the antigenic fluid is not released from the bodies of the organisms—thus there results a failure to produce the necessary anti-bodies to destroy the germ poisons or to kill the germs. Lantigen is an oral vaccine in a dissolved state and begins to operate and produce anti-bodies immediately if it is taken. It therefore gives increased natural antibody resistance to disease. You would not develop catarrhal conditions if this "anti-body" resistance was strong enough to overcome them. Lantigen removes the cause of lowered resistance which saps your vitality, and that is why it succeeds.

THESE PICTURES SHOW HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

This simple explanation of the way in which Lantigen works will show you clearly how effective a treatment it is. Lantigen is a scientific treatment for many germ-borne disorders.



1. These are the villi—small finger-like protuberances in the upper respiratory tract—which have altogether an absorptive surface equal to a football 12 x 12 x 12 feet and which absorb Lantigen from the gastric fluids and carry it into the system.



2. This diagram shows one of the many dangerous germs that cause disease.



3. These are illustrations of a white corpuscle stimulated by Lantigen engulfing and destroying infective germs for the purpose of their elimination from the system.

More than 150,000 people in Australia have been given relief by Lantigen "B" from the sneezing, coughing, choking and head noises, from the deafness, hawking, stuffed-up feeling which is Catarrh as we know it. If you are a sufferer you should know that, drop after drop after drop, catarrhal poisons infect your entire system, destroying the tissues and sapping your vitality. You can combat these poisons safely and effectively with Lantigen "B"—no injections—no operations—no pain—no danger—but a treatment

that counteracts the effect of the germs causing these diseases. This positive relief is something that no sufferer can afford to miss. Think what it will mean to gain relief from choking, coughing, sniffing and gasping for breath. And in most cases relief can be obtained from the annoyance and humiliation of nose stoppages, mucus and phlegm, head noises, catarrhal deafness, bronchial asthma, bronchitis, antrum, sinus, and other respiratory tract infections. Ask your chemist for Lantigen "B" to-day.

GUARANTEED NOT TO HARM THE HEART Does not interfere with other treatments

CATARRH

Catarrh is caused by germs. Usually the first infection is due to the neglect of a simple cold. This becomes stubborn and protracted. The excretions which are dislodged by blowing the nose often fall back into the throat, infect the tonsils and result in acute laryngitis and inflammation. Lantigen "B", dissolved oral vaccine, offers an effective treatment for sufferers from catarrh. The distressing effects of the complaint are greatly reduced and replaced by a feeling of well-being. Lantigen "B" works well. It is a dissolved oral vaccine.

WHAT IS LANTIGEN?

Lantigen is not a patent medicine and is devoid of drugs altogether. Lantigen is a dissolved oral vaccine prepared to counteract the effect of the particular organisms which are peculiar to the diseases requiring treatment. Lantigen contains no live germs. The organisms from which it is produced are destroyed by dissolving them, thus releasing the antigens therein—the natural antidote.

HERE ARE THE GERMS WHICH CAUSE THESE DISORDERS



B. PNEUMONIE



STREPTOCOCCI



PNEUMOCOCCI



B. INFLUENZAE



MICROCOCCUS CATARRHALIS

READ THESE PERSONAL, WRITTEN TESTIMONIES BY LANTIGEN USERS

CANADIAN RELIEVED FROM BRONCHITIS

"I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without waking around three o'clock choked up and getting no more rest, the remainder of the

night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B' and what it has done for me—it is worth its weight in gold—mine being very stubborn, severe attacks of Bronchial Asthma. I have just completed using one bottle."—(Signed) Mrs. May Braithwaite, 366a Balliol Street, Toronto, Ont.

29 YEARS WITH BRONCHIAL CATARRH. NOW WELL

Mrs. D. Lane, of 12 Kable Street, Windsor, N.S.W., writes: "My mother has had Bronchial Catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual scratching, tickling cough which in turn caused her eyes to run with tears and at times nearly choked her. She couldn't lay on her back or on her right side without being nearly choked with coughing and she didn't go where there was any cigarette smoke. Five weeks ago she decided to try Lantigen 'B' and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement."

MARVELOUS TREATMENT FOR CATARRH
Mr. H. McKee, of Glenelg Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LANTIGEN "B" TO-DAY

4/1/- per bottle for several weeks' treatment—costs less than 3d. per day.

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN

Writing in the "British Medical Journal," Dr. Chinin Lowe says: "In my experience the oral antigens (or vaccines) have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

★ Do a good deed—cut out advertisement and send to a fellow sufferer.★

TAKEN BY MOUTH ACTS IMMEDIATELY

BABY FREED FROM BRONCHITIS
"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby out of terrible attacks of bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing and bringing up the mucus. This would go on until about three or three-and-a-half in the morning and then he would drop off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock, but all day

long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had these bottles of Lantigen and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy, no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night. I only hope that the mothers and fathers who have young or grown-up children who suffer from bronchitis get to know just how really good your Lantigen 'B' is."—Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Qld.

SINUS INFECTION CLEARED

Mr. J. A. Gessig, of Eden, writes: "When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1939, the photo showed them dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of Lantigen I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear except for a slight thickening of the right antrum. This is marvellous and can no doubt be put down to the good work Lantigen has done."

Produced by fully qualified Bacteriologists working under the supervision of an eminent physician.

TREATS FIRST—THEN IMMUNISES
Product of Edinburgh Laboratories
SYDNEY

LANTIGEN "B"

LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHITIS. LANTIGEN "B" FOR SINUS INFECTION. LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH



JANE HOLLAND, who takes the role of Lady Clarissa Rohan, famous Regency beauty, in "The Man in Grey," new serial from Station 2GB.

Regency story on air

A new serial, "The Man in Grey," will be broadcast every Tuesday in half-hour sequences from Station 2GB, at 9 p.m., starting on October 2.

THE radio version of Eleanor Smith's best-seller was adapted by Maxwell Dunn, and follows the original story even more closely than the film.

E. Mason Wood produces the 2GB version of this story, which begins in the present and flashes back to the Regency period in England.

When, in 1943, Lady Mary Rohan goes to her soldier husband's home, "Rohan," in Leicestershire, she finds the beautiful old mansion strangely inimical until, by accident, she stumbles upon the diary of Lady Clarissa Rohan, famous beauty of Regency England and wife of Lord Roderick, known as "The Man in Grey."

Then, for the first time, she is fully absorbed, but she remembers that her husband, David, before he went to Europe to fight, warned her that the beautiful Clarissa meant ill luck to the family, and her picture, though in every gallery in Europe, is hidden in the attic of "Rohan."

From the diary and old letters she found with it, Lady Mary works out the story of Clarissa and "The Man in Grey." Four characters emerge in the tragic, glamorous, flamboyant story of the Regency period.

They are Clarissa herself; Hester, the scheming adventuress whom the gentle, lovely Clarissa befriended; Rokeby, who loves Clarissa and tries to shield her from harm; and the sinister, proud, arrogant Regency buck, "The Man in Grey" himself.

Irene Harper plays Lady Mary, and the four Regency characters are Clarissa, played by Jane Holland; Hester, by Sheila Sewell; "The Man in Grey," by Leonard Bullen; and Rokeby, by Hal Lashwood.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Sept. 27 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau Session.
FRIDAY, Sept. 28: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Sept. 29: Goodie Reeve presents R & A in "compellions," "Melody Fourtimes."
SUNDAY, Sept. 30 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Oct. 1: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, Oct. 2: Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quits."

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* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion Frock Service



"SUSAN"
Smooth Little
Suit in Lovely
Ripple Crepe

Fashioned in a material specially chosen for this design—a heavyweight crepe of excellent quality with a slight ribbed finish, Susan is available in delightful shades, including old rose-pink, deep sky-blue, navy-blue, also black and white.

Note high, sweetheart neckline, wide extended shoulders, long slim sleeves. Front, which fastens with four buttons, has a rounded bosque and tiny hipline; the skirt is gored and slightly flared.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 65/6 (17 coupons); sizes 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 72/6 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9d extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/11 (17 coupons); sizes 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 48/6 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/9d extra.

F2949. — Simply tailored edge-to-edge coat with novel tie-belt at front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN
Available for one month only from date of issue.
THREE SMART SUN-TOP BRASSIERES
Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. busts.
No. 1—Requires 3yds., 36in. wide.
No. 2—Requires 3yds., 36in. wide.
No. 3—Requires 3yds., 36in. wide.

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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue! 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:
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Box 4097, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
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N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

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Pattern Coupon, 29/9/45.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2952. — Smart new pinafore frock that you'll find so useful. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2953. — Sweetest frock, bonnet, and bloomers for little girl. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2950. — Cool, gay striped frock for hot summer days. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 639—CUTE BLOUSE AND TROUSERS FOR SMALL BOY. The pattern of this outfit for small boy is available clearly traced on material with 100 instructions showing how to cut out and make up. The blouse is traced on excellent quality rayon crepe-de-chine in white only, and the trousers are traced on well-wearing British cotton in shades of sky-blue, sweet lemon, summer beige, and pastel pink. Blouse is made with high turn-down collar, short sleeves, and front is finished with charming at each side of button opening. Trousers are brief and have twin shoulder-strap fastenings with buttons to shaped top.
Bust: 1 to 2 years, blouse 5/6 (2 coupons); trousers 3/6 (2 coupons); 2 to 4 years, blouse 5/11 (2 coupons); trousers 2/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 5/4d. extra.
Complete Set: 1 to 2 years, 4/6 (4 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 5/2 (4 coupons). Postage, 5/4d. extra.

No. 640—SNAPPY SWIMSUIT. This smart swimsuit comes to you with the pattern traced on an excellent quality spun pique Reiford card ready to make up. Choose from rose, sac-rose, yellow-white, sunny-green, and brilliant red. This material has just the right appearance and weight for this purpose.
Bustline top is coral and well-fitting, with gathered centre-front and snap-fitting band at base. Trunks are brief, straight, and also well-fitting.
Sizes: 22 and 34in. bust (36 and 38in. hips), 15/9 (4 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust (40 and 42in. hips), 15/6 (4 coupons). Postage, 6/4d. extra.





5WW2



5WW3

5WW2: Organdi Front with pleated jabot. 15/11, 3 cpns.

5WW3: White Organdi Collar. 7/11, 3 cpns.

5WW1: Back fastening, sheer striped Muslin Blousette. 21/8, 6 coupons.



5WW1

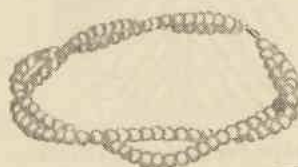
Sparkling White

darling of smart Summer fashions

What could be nicer for summer, what more interesting than the highlight of white accessories with your florals, deeper-toned suits, or pastels! Here are the frilly neckpieces you dreamed about for the past three years, the beads and earrings and the white handbags, all here again, more attractive than ever!



90WW4: White Stud Earrings with screw back. 2/11 pair.
90WW3: White graduated Bead Necklet. 5/11.



90WW1: White Bead Two-row Necklet. 9/11.

90WW2: White Festoon Necklace to wear as a collar. 8/11.



5WW5

5WW4: Organdi Bow Collar with Val. lace. 6/11, 1 coupon.

5WW5: Self-striped Muslin, convertible collar. At 4/11, 3 coupons.



21WW2: Black Leather Handbag in smartly gathered envelope style. 34/1, no coupons.

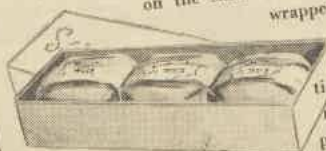
21WW3: Leather Drawstring Bag in white. Easy to clean. 35/4, no coupons.



21WW1: Peccary grained white Leather Bag. Cleans simply. 26/3, no cpns.

Floral Toilet Soap - 3 CAKES IN A BOX!

97WW1: Fine quality Toilet Soap, delightfully mild on the skin. Cakes are individually wrapped, packed three to a box, and come in carnation, rose, violet or night-scented-stock perfume. 3/6 box



David Jones' for Service since 1838

POSTAL ADDRESS, BOX 503 AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY

They're Sheer,

They're "Lovelee"

They're BEAU MONDE!

17WW1: Fully fashioned and leg flattering, these sheer Stockings come in two shades for summer—a rosy beige that looks grand with pastels, and a mushroom beige for more formal wear. Sizes 8½ to 10 inches. At 6/7 pair and 4 coupons.

Circular Stockings Coupon Free!

17WW2: Sheer circular Hose with fashion marks, panel heels and seamed backs. Three shades. 3/3 pair.



The Man for Dina

Continued from page 3

DINA alighted the gate shut. She gave Frou a disgusted look and strode up the steps. As she went past, Grandpa Judge said, "A nice young man."

That stopped Dina. "Nice?" Her eyes blazed. "A funny-looking, cocky caricature of a man. A drip. Grandpa Judge. A Class A drip."

He didn't call again. Dina rather wished he would. She had thought of a lot of cutting things to say and she would have welcomed the chance to say them and then dismiss him from her mind for good.

He didn't come. He didn't phone. But Oscar Fee did one afternoon.

Oscar said, "Louie called me, Dina. He tells me he has some good porridge soup. How about dining with me there to-night?"

The invitation was tempting. Grandpa Judge wouldn't be back for dinner, anyway. She said, "I'd like to, Oscar."

"Fine. I'll pick you up at six-thirty."

It was still light when Oscar drew the shiny car to a halt in front of Louie's. Dina knew she looked nice. It was rather impressive to see how people regarded Oscar. Respectful, admiring.

She smiled as she got out. Then she stopped smiling. Pen Halloway was standing with two men near the entrance. He lifted his head and grinned.

He said, "Hello," and Dina answered primly, "How do you do?"

She moved to the entrance, and Pen Halloway's grin deepened. "Definitely," he said, and Dina blushed. He and his qualifications.

When they were seated Oscar Fee asked, "Who was the fellow you spoke to outside?"

"Pen Halloway," Dina said. "A lawyer."

Oscar's pale eyes narrowed. "Oh, yes. A newcomer. You know him?" "Slightly," Dina didn't want to talk about Pen Halloway. She didn't like him.

Oscar looked relieved. Then he frowned. Dina turned her head. Louie was sending another guest at a small table nearby, and as Dina looked Pen Halloway lifted his head and grinned. He said, "Hi."

The waiter brought the steak then. After they had finished, the waiter lifted the big platter. There were still several end pieces and the huge bone.

The bone suggested Frou, and Dina said, "Will you wrap up the bone for me? I want to take it home for my dog."

"But certainly," the waiter beamed. He took the platter away with him. Dina watched him go. Louie was talking to Pen Halloway, and the waiter stopped to speak to Louie.

Oscar Fee asked, "What will you have for dessert?"

He put down the menu and frowned again.

Dina looked up. Pen Halloway was standing before them. He had the platter in his hands. The platter with the T-bone from their steak. "You can't have it," he said sadly, and gave the platter back to the puzzled waiter.

Oscar Fee said, "What? What?" His face was as red as the bone.

"It's-it's for Frou," Dina stammered, stunned at this latest audacity.

Pen just shook his head. Oscar Fee thrust back his chair and stood up. "What is all this?" he demanded.

Pen said mournfully to Dina, "You can eat it, but you can't take it with you."

Dina knew her mouth was open. She looked wildly about. Oscar said angrily, "I don't like jokes. I don't like you. If you'll step outside I'll explain it to you."

Pen Halloway shook his head. "No, thanks. I might get hurt." He looked at Dina.

She was so angry she couldn't breathe. She stood up. She said, "Just you wait. You won't get away with this. I'll see that Grandpa Judge makes you properly sorry, you—"

The opprobrium eluded her. She swept out of the room to the street.

Oscar came after her huffing, but secretly proud of himself. Dina could tell it by his voice. "Cowardly bully," he fumed.

Dina got into the car. She was shaking with anger, but she didn't

need Oscar to heap calumny on Pen Halloway. She said, "I want to go home."

Grandpa Judge was on the porch when she got rid of Oscar. "Went to dinner, hey?" Grandpa asked.

Dina started to tell him. She was giving vent to what she thought of Pen Halloway when Grandpa Judge said, "Harrumph."

Dina stopped. She turned. Pen was coming up the steps, a bundle under his arm.

She felt scorn rise in her. "It won't do you any good to make excuses. I've told Grandfather everything," she fared.

The faint porch light touched Pen's thin face. He looked at Grandpa Judge, and Grandpa Judge said, "She has. At length and with much heat. I—ah—I'm not sure of the law on the point. There is a precedent?"

"Definitely," Pen said. "Under the common law a patron is licensed to consume food on the premises, but not to remove any part thereof uneaten. Shall I quote further, sir?"

Dina said, "But . . ." She didn't finish. Grandpa Judge said, "Now you mention it, I seem to recall the fact. But why?"

Pen grinned. "Second of the qualifications, sir. Spirit. Your granddaughter has it—in quantity, I find."

He turned to Dina. "You didn't have your dessert." He held out the bundle. "Louie sent Frou all the bones with his compliments—and his lawyer's."

Dina didn't know why she took the bundle. Probably a pure reflex. She looked at Pen. He was grinning. She swept into the house.

Behind her Grandpa Judge said, "Will you have that drink now?" "With pleasure, sir," Pen said.

She tried to dismiss Pen Halloway from her mind as the week wore on. Oscar called every evening; began to grow very dignified in his acceptance of her refusals to go out.

But Pen Halloway was keeping out of the way once more. Grandpa Judge didn't mention Pen either. Not until the week was almost gone. Then he said one afternoon, "I thought we should ask young Halloway to dinner."

"Did you?" Dina asked. She raised her blue eyes. "When?" "This evening," Grandpa Judge looked at his cigar. "You might walk down to Mrs. Moffet's and extend the invitation."

She called Frou and went down the path to the gate. The sun was shining, and as she got to the corner she saw the Moffet house, on the opposite side of the street.

Frou puffed at her heels. She was just about to cross when the door

of the Moffet house opened and Pen Halloway came out. He stopped, his face lighting. "Hello," he called. Frou must have heard. The little idiot barked and started to dash across the street to Pen, her stumpy tail wagging.

That was when the car came round the corner. The driver didn't see Frou. Dina screamed. Pen yelled. Then he dashed out into the street. There was a squeal of brakes, a yelp from Frou, and Dina found herself running.

Pen was lying in the street. Frou was whimpering, unhurt, beside him.

Dina knelt in the road and lifted Pen's head. His clothes were torn and there was a bruise on his cheek. He opened his eyes. They looked up at Dina. He tried to grin. His lips moved. He said, "Compassion. That's the third." Then he went sickly white and his eyes closed.

People jabbered about them. Someone had summoned Dr. Mason. He ran his hands skilfully over Pen's slim body. "Broken rib," he said briefly. "Contusions. We'd better get him inside."

Dina said quickly, "Take him to our house, Doctor. Mrs. Moffet has no facilities at all."

Dr. Mason came downstairs half an hour later. Dina was sitting on the porch steps, not daring to move.

More about ex-prisoners

Here are some stories told in week of welcomes and reunions

THERE was no 42-year-old driver Harry Parkes, of Parkes, N.S.W. He cheerfully admitted he didn't expect anyone, as he had changed his name to enlist after an argument with his mother whether it was or was not his duty to remain and work on the farm.

Harry's real name is Thomas Cheshire, and he will return immediately he gets his release for a reconciliation with his family, and hopes to find his sister, Doris Cheshire, who was working at Parkes when he left.

Harry tells how Saturday night was gala night at Changi. The men gave a concert. There were 40 in the concert party. Steel guitars were made out of old clear boxes, and the orchestra supplemented with violins and cornets which they scrounged.

"Slim" DeGray and John Wood, both of New South Wales, turned composers. Songs mainly had a topical theme. They entertained about seven or eight thousand mates.

His old droving days in Queensland stood Harry in good stead. He was fairly efficient with the needle and cotton.

He unravelled webbing belts for cotton, and with a piece of wire flattened and pierced with a hole for a needle, he was able to make his own clothes from old sheets and do his friends' mending.

"Two Melbourne drivers—W. A. Stuart and Reg Francis—appointed themselves cook and 'air hostess' on the Catalina that brought them home. They served steak and eggs to passengers and crew on the hop from Cairns.

MRS. D. McDOUGALL, of Brisbane, mother of Sgt. D. J. McDougall, who got home last week, said: "We have been wading through roast chickens for the last four days. We were determined to have one ready for him, and there is one waiting at home now."

LANCE-CORPORAL PAT BRISLAN, surrounded by two sisters and some of his brothers (he has six brothers and two sisters), opened his wallet and showed proudly the photos he had managed to save from the Japanese. He had kept them with him all through his imprisonment with all his papers, including his paybook.

AS the first men filed up the jetty at Rose Bay the L. of C. Band played a lively march.

It was "Herbie Deeds," a march composed by Sgt. Arthur Gullidge, A.I.F. Sgt. Gullidge and his band, all Victorians, were on active service in Rabaul when the Japs landed.

THE huge job done in the face of the greatest difficulties by the workshops at Changi has been recorded by Pte. M. S. Keane, a carpenter, of Port Pirie, S.A.

He has brought back such souvenirs as a razor made from a car spring, a sewing-machine needle complete with the brand of a well-known maker.

These workshops made all the utensils and tools for Changi camp and Kranji hospital from scrap material.

"No tools were issued by the Nips," said Pte. Keane. "We made everything from our own welding plants to nails."

Steel lockers were used to make utensils of all kinds, steel rails for axe-heads. Solder and flux were scrounged by working parties.

Even artificial limbs were made in these workshops, and grass was crushed to extract a vitamin for the sick.

JAPANESE superstition was amazing, said Dvr. K. A. Evans. He told the story of a Japanese camp commander who refused to allow one of the prisoners to go to hospital, although warned the prisoner would die if not treated. The prisoner died. Orders came from the Japanese commander that two men must stand at the head and two at the feet of the dead man all night, holding lighted candles. The candles must be kept alight or else a black cat would come and cause the dead body to stand up, and the spirit of the dead man to haunt the commander.

CORPORAL DAVID SEYMOUR, who fought in the last war, and has twelve grandchildren, explained how the camps kept in touch with the outer world.

The secret radios, hidden in all sorts of places, were established systematically.

When a working party was formed, radio parts were distributed secretly among the men. If they were searched during the journey it was "easy" for a man to tread the part he carried into the ground and retrieve it afterwards. At their destination technical men gathered the parts and assembled the radios.

MANY men who came home by plane were having their first flight.

There was a warm farewell between the Catalina crews and their passengers at Rose Bay.

"Thanks for the ride," said Dvr. Arthur Flecknoe. "and look after our aeroplane."

NOVEMBER 5, Guy Fawkes Day, is likely to become a special anniversary for the Singapore men.

On that day last year a hundred Allied bombers flew over Singapore and bombed the waterfront.

"We had been warned by our own Security people not to show any interest if our planes came over," one man said. "But, I ask you how could we help it?"

"A lot of us were working on Changi aerodrome. When the Nips saw how carried away we were, they rounded us all up in a corner and rined us with machine-guns."

"THE Nips told us there was no rice in Australia," said one of the boys.

"I suppose that's one thing you hope never to see again?" said a woman talking to them.

"Oh, there's a heap of difference in rice at home," said the ex-prisoner. "We used to think when we ate the stuff boiled how it was when Mum made it with egg and custard. I could eat the home kind again all right."

CORPORAL JIM LAMBOURN, of West Wyalong, who used to have a grocery business before the war, worked in the canteen at Changi and Selarang.

He told us that 23,000 Japanese dollars were paid out in Changi in one month, but 250,000 dollars came into the canteen.

Explanation was that men still had such things as pens and watches to sell to outside buyers.

A pen might bring 100 dollars, a first-class watch 3000 dollars.

"At the finish an Australian pound was worth 305 dollars," said Corporal Lambourn. There were still a few knocking round."

"And what did you do with the goodwill, Jim, when you left?" cracked a Victorian mate.

"I gave it away," said Jim with a grin.

THINGS they all want to tell . . . The wonderful job done by our doctors . . . the loyalty of the Chinese, who helped prisoners at tremendous risk to themselves . . . how well they have been treated by Red Cross and R.A.P.W.I. since their release.

PTE. FRED LESLIE, of North Sydney, arrived home unexpectedly for leave the day after he reached Sydney.

His mother cooked him fish for dinner, which was beautiful, he said.

Two of his four brothers, all of whom are in the Services, and his sister were at home to see him.

"When it was bedtime they all put me to bed," he said, grinning. "It was good."



"... six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, Queen, King."

All she could think of was Pen's face, his voice.

"Oh, golly," she thought. "I'm in love with him. I love Pen."

She closed her eyes. Dr. Mason said from the doorway. "I've strapped the rib, Dina. He'd better stay in bed until I give him permission to get up. Want a nurse for him?"

"I'll take care of him," Dina heard herself say. Dr. Mason nodded. "Better get the boy some of his things, then."

Dina walked down the path with him to his car. Then she turned down the street to Mrs. Moffet's. Mrs. Moffet let her in and led the way to Pen's bedroom.

It was a man's room. Neat enough but helter-skelter.

Dina opened a drawer of the dresser to get out some of Pen's pyjamas and handkerchiefs. In it there were some pictures and several small boxes.

Her eyes caught sight of Pen's face in a group of faces. Pen in uniform with a group of other uniformed officers seated before a pursuit plane. There were twin bars on Pen's cap, and under each of the other figures was an autographed signature. In one corner was written: "To Slim, from the gang, 341st Pursuit, North Italy."

Dina's eyes were like saucers. Something clicked in her memory. Slim, Slim Halloway. She blinked, amazed.

Twenty-six Jerries to his credit before he'd been shot down to spend months in hospital. It had been in every paper in the land six months before.

When she finally came out with her parcel and walked up the street she was miserable. To think she'd thought of Pen as she had. Called him a coward, even if only to herself, because he hadn't wanted to fight Oscar Fee.

Back in the house, Dina went slowly up the stairs. She gently opened the door of the room where Pen was lying in bed, his pale, freckled face still, his unruly hair too terribly neat.

She said, "I brought some of your things."

She put the package on the bureau. When she turned, Pen's eyes were on her. For once the puckish gleam was gone from their green depths. He said, "Sorry, Dina. I seem to cause you nothing but trouble. I won't any more. I promise. I won't tease you or bother you."

Dina shook her head so that the dark curls gleamed. "It was my fault. I didn't have to be so touchy."

His brows lifted. He gave her a long, searching look. Then he sighed and closed his eyes.

Dina's fingers bit into her palms. "Pen . . ."

His eyes opened. Dina felt her heart pounding. "Pen—what—what was the fourth qualification?"

He didn't laugh at her, as she feared he might. His thin face was still. "The most impossible of the lot."

Dina waited. When he didn't speak, she said, "You say I have three . . ."

"In huge quantities, Dina. Beauty, spirit, compassion . . ."

"And the fourth?"

She saw his faint shrug. "She must love me," he said.

Dina let her breath go. She hadn't realised how tense she had been. She went swiftly to his side, "Pen, I—I qualify, then."

A look came into his face. A look that made Dina reach to take his hands that rose from the quilted cover . . .

(Copyright)



RUSSIAN PARTY IN CANBERRA. Minister for the U.S.S.R. (Mr. L'Anon), Baroness Van Aerssen, Mrs. Lilanov, and Baron Van Aerssen took gey when our Canberra photographer snapped them at party.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Sub-Lieut. Derek Morten, D.S.C. (A.), R.N.Z.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Pamela Ashley-Wilson, youngest daughter of Chaplain the Reverend and Mrs. C. Ashley-Wilson, of Goulburn, photographed after wedding at St. Saviour's Cathedral, Goulburn, with attendants Patricia Manfred, Doris Heath, Sub-Lieut. Barry Brown, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., and Sub-Lieut. James Blakie, R.N.V.R.



TO MAKE HOME IN ADELAIDE. Mrs. Ron Birks (left), formerly Peggy Aird, and her sister, Mrs. John Westmore, formerly Gwen Aird, photographed before Peggy leaves for Adelaide to make home. Sisters married recently at double wedding at Presbyterian Church, Ashfield.



LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, wife of the Allied Supreme Commander in South-east Asia, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, is photographed buying a programme from Betty Carless at the London West End premiere of the Associated British production, "I Live in Grosvenor Square."



INTERESTING WEDDING. Major Gordon Combes, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Corporal Joy Tate, A.W.A.S., leave St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, with bridegroom's father, Brigadier B. Combes (left), former commandant of Royal Military College, Duntroon; Rosamund Combes; bridesmaid Sylvia Coleman; best man Don Felix Booth. Joy is only child of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Tate, Elizabeth Bay, formerly of Turue Vale, Coolah.

People and PARTIES

CANT help wishing my coupons would stretch and stretch when I look in the shop windows at all the colorful beach apparel. Reminds me that sun worshippers and swimmers who frequent Redleaf pool, Double Bay, will be delighted when they hear that a snack bar will be opened there early next month.

The Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools' Association—which, by the way, has just celebrated its fortieth anniversary—has been granted the catering rights by the Woollahra Council. Members of the Association are already busily planning their new venture, and voluntary helpers will serve home-cooked snacks to hungry picnickers.

Proceeds will benefit the new Day Nursery, which will be opened by the Association in conjunction with the Woollahra Council in the New Year. Plans for the nursery, which will be in Double Bay, have already been passed.

OUR "Cover Girl" this week, Mrs. W. J. White, will be "Pin-up Girl No. 1" with servicemen and service-girls, we feel sure, as she is known to thousands of them for her wonderful voluntary work in connection with C.E.N.E.F.

She is photographed buying a war bond from Audrey Mackerras, and little John Higgins stands by awaiting his turn with his money-box in his hand.

SAW that attractive lass, Pam Owen, dancing with Sub-Lieut. Bill Dovey, dashing young son of the Bill Doveys, the other night at Prince's. Pam is off for a six-weeks jaunt to the country to stay with the Paddy Osbornes at Curran-dooley, Bungendore.

NICE gesture of R.S. Victory Ball committee to change date of their ball from October 9 to November 20 so that date would not clash with Victory Ball in aid of A.C.F., which Lord Mayor, Neville Harding, tells me will be held at Town Hall on October 9.

Believe ball at Town Hall will be gala affair, and the mothballs are definitely being shaken from the glamor gowns for the occasion.

BIRTHDAY PARTY. Annette Fielding Jones (second from left) celebrates her seventeenth birthday with luncheon party at Prince's with her young friends Mary Dowling (left), "Tim" Wisdom, and Jaqueline Paradise. Annette is eldest daughter of attractive Mrs. Margaret Fielding Jones, of Point Piper.



NEWLYWEDS. Lieut. Frederick Parsons, A.I.F., and Mrs. Parsons, who was Jean Shippen before her recent marriage. Couple are "snapped" in park before leaving for Adelaide, where they will make their future home.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Sub-Lieut. John Hall (A), R.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Pamela Faithfull, only daughter of the late Doctor G. M. Faithfull and Mrs. Faithfull, of Inverloch, Goulburn, leave 100-year-old Tirranaville Chapel.

GOLFING buddies of Eric Cremlin are sending reams of congratulatory telegrams to him and his wife on the birth of their son, born at Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington. Eric is contemplating a trip to America, I believe, to compete against Byron Nelson and other leading professionals.

DAY in, day out, looking just a soignée, see Colleen Bennett lunching a deux with Col. Robert Nugent, A.I.F., of Melbourne. By the way, what a coincidence that Colleen and Jocelyn O'Gorman Hughes should choose an almost identical hair-do for dancing at Prince's.

THINK I'm seeing things when I pass St. Philip's Church Hill, and Flight-Lieut. Charles Lester, R.A.A.F., leaves church with his bride, formerly Corporal Bronte Victor. Bridegroom bears such striking resemblance to Duke of Gloucester that I get quite a shock. However, am pleased to hear that I'm not the only one who's been taken in, as Charles was often caused considerable embarrassment in England with R.A.A.F. when people mistook him for the Duke.

joyce



Movie World

• **JINX FALKENBERG.** America's number one cover girl, lovely, vivacious, and popular, has been one of the most energetic war workers in the film colony. She made a 42,000 miles tour of India, China, and Burma, has visited all American States and

Mexico, and recently spent six weeks in Europe touring U.S. Army camps. She has no outstanding talent as a singer or dancer, but her good looks and gag personality pleased the troops. Her latest film is "The Gay Senorita," for Columbia.

PRESENT FOR A MOTHER—



Two generations of Mothers have been using Curlypet. Curlypet's gentle anti-septic qualities keep baby's precious head so free of cradlecap and scalp irritation, and help baby's hair to grow beautifully lustrous, healthy and curly.

So, some tubes of Curlypet make the nicest and most useful present you could give Baby's Mother at every season of the year.

You can get Curlypet from your nearest Chemist or Store, and if you are far from town, pin 3/8 in Postal Note or Stamp to a piece of paper with your name and address, send it to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail with full directions for use.

Keep a note of the number of your Postal Note until you have our reply.

CURLYPET

BACKACHE LEG PAINS May Be Danger Sign of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking extra acids and poisonous waste out of the blood.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. The genuine DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS restore to strained, overworked kidneys their full power of filtering the dangerous kidney poisons from the blood, and discharging them from the system.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. GET DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today—at your chemist or store.



"Now go to sleep, like a nice mother!"



BABY: Sorry to keep you in that crib so long, Mum—but I want you to get my point of view! How do you think my delicate skin feels? Now, do I or don't I get my Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

MUM: Just name your terms!

BABY: Okay—lots of nice rubdowns with that pure, crystal-clear Johnson's Oil. And plenty of lovely soft sprinkles with Johnson's Powder!

MUM: It's a deal, honey child! You're going to have a skin like pink satin!



Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson
N.Y., U.S.A.



BP-1-45

The Very Thought of You



1 WAR WORKERS Janet (Eleanor Parker) and Cora (Faye Emerson) meet returned men Dave (Dennis Morgan) and "Fixit" (Dane Clark).



2 JANET invites Dave to meet her family, but at dinner the violent quarrelling among them becomes so embarrassing that he leaves.



3 AT CORA'S FLAT "Fixit" is a visitor when Janet and Dave announce that they have decided to marry immediately, as they have fallen in love.



4 OPPOSITION to wedding comes from Janet's mother (Beulah Bondi) and her unhappily married sister Molly (Andrea King).



6 WHEN her baby is born, Janet has a family reunion, and Dave returns home after being wounded.

Simple romance of wartime wedding

IN a simple plot, Warner's story tells of a wartime hasty courtship and marriage.

One of the most promising young actresses in Hollywood, nineteen-year-old Georgia Lee Settle, has a featured part as the teen-age sister of Eleanor Parker, who has her first starring role with Dennis Morgan and Dane Clark. As the neurotic, bitter mother, Beulah Bondi has one of the best parts of her long career in "mother" roles.

Quick Relief from HEMORRHOIDS

Without Salves or Cutting.

Thousands who have hemorrhoids (piles) have learned that quick and permanent relief is accomplished with internal treatment. Internal treatment reaches and treats the cause of this distressing ailment.

Bad circulation causes piles. There is a complete stagnation of blood in lower bowel and a weakening of the parts. Dr. J. S. Leonhardt found the real treatment and called his prescription **Vaculoid**. He tried it in 1,000 cases with the marvellous record of success in 96 per cent, and then decided it should be sold by chemists everywhere under a rigid money back guarantee.

Don't waste any more time with outside applications. Get a package of **Vaculoid** to-day. It has given safe and lasting relief to thousands, and will do the same for you, or cost you nothing.

VACULOID

**BOY, WHAT I DID
WITH 28 DAYS LEAVE!**

BOSH, MUM, THIS PLACE HAS GONE TO THE PACK WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SON?

WELL, EVERYTHING'S WRONG! THERE'S BEEN GIVEN THE BRUSH-OFF BY THE BEST FELLA I KNOW...

AND WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOU, DAD—BEEN GETTING THE COLD SHOULDER AT THE OFFICE?

I KNOW, DEAR, BUT WE CAN'T HELP THESE THINGS CAN WE?

YOU CAN, WHEN I WAS HOME YOU ALWAYS HAD LIFEBOUY IN THE BATHROOM—BUT NOT NOW. SEE, MUM! NO FAMILY CAN AFFORD TO RISK B.O.

SON WAS RIGHT, BUT I'LL SEE WE'RE NEVER WITHOUT LIFEBOUY AGAIN, SO REFRESHING... AND ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT REALLY MAKES LIFEBOUY STOP "B.O."

MARVELOUS ABOUT YOUR ENGAGEMENT, SEE, AS FOR DAD, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SO HAPPY SINCE I CAME HOME

I AM HAPPY, SON. EVERYTHING HAS STRAIGHTENED OUT FOR US SINCE YOU'VE BEEN BACK

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

140 24

SUN SOAKERS ...

• Red candy-striped linen-finished rayon for a beach three-piece. Bra-top and shorts for swimming, and an overskirt which can be worn as a cape. All outlined with frills.

• A yellow top with the new Grecian-draped, one-sided, tau! look to wear with long pants of purple-striped spun rayon, straight, tight, pocketed.

• Swimsuit in green and white floral cotton has dido shorts and a scarf top. The idea this year is plenty of nothing to soak up the sun.

• New type of draped bra-top, bare midriff swimsuit. Made of red coin-spotted cotton, the shorts to match the brief top are shirred, draped, bow-tied, and pretty.

Kens

THESE ARE DULL DAYS FOR ME! GRITTY CLEANSERS ARE MAKING ME OLD AND SHABBY LONG BEFORE MY TIME



Clean Smoothly with **VIM**—NEVER SCRATCHES

SEE ME SPARKLE! I'M ALWAYS CLEANED WITH VIM THANKS TO ITS FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES! STAY LIKE NEW YEAR AFTER YEAR



VIM

vin 3.32

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney
2/- jar **ARRID**

PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping". Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



CLOSE-UP of the simple stitch.

CRISP CHIC in simple CROCHET

THIS collar and cuff set can be crocheted in a few evenings. It's simple but most effective. The collar is worked in two pieces and fastened on shoulders with crochet cords.

Material: Coats' Mercer-Crochet No. 60: 2 balls (20 gram) or 3 balls (10 gram) white; No. 5½ steel crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; 1 picot, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into last d.c.

COLLAR

Commence with 113 ch., this should measure 8½ in. approximately.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into next ch., * 7 picots, miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 ch.; repeat from * 21 times more (22 picot loops). Break off thread.

2nd Row: Join thread to 3rd picot



FROSTY-WHITE ACCESSORIES go beautifully with black or navy. You can crochet this set swiftly and easily and use it to rejuvenate last year's dress for spring and summer wear.

of first picot loop, 1 d.c. into same place, 7 picots, miss 1 picot of first picot loop, 1 d.c. into next picot, * 1 picot, miss 2 picots of next picot loop, 1 d.c. into next picot, 7 picots, miss 1 picot of picot loop, 1 d.c. into next picot, repeat from * 20 times more. Break off thread.

Repeat 2nd row twice more.

5th-8th Rows: As 2nd row, having 2 picots between each picot loop instead of 1 picot. Work another piece the same. Sew away ends.

Join thread to last d.c. on foundation ch., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c., * 1 d.c. into next ch., 1 picot; repeat from * twice more, 1 d.c. into each

of next 2 d.c.; repeat from first * 21 times more.

CUFFS

Work one piece for each cuff. Commence with 103 ch.; this should measure 7½ in. approx. Work same as collar, having less repeats. Damp and pin out.

TO MAKE UP

Make a twisted cord of 4 strands of thread, each 2½ yards long, twist twisted cord to form double twisted cord.

Make another cord. Slip cord through loops of collar and tie in bow on shoulders. Damp and pin out.



Babies are not playthings

By SISTER MARY JACOB

MANY of you who are mothers for the first time are finding it very difficult to give your babies the correct handling and management they should have in the vitally important first weeks of their lives.

Some of you are perhaps living with relatives, or in other people's houses, so that to "keep the peace" your babies are wrongly handled or over-handled. Either can cause early digestive troubles, bad sleeping habits, postural defects. If babies are regarded more or less as playthings, their delicate nervous systems soon become upset and they become restless, fretful babies, and you become tired and worried mothers.

These things can be avoided if you take a firm stand from the first day you arrive home, and if you have a simple knowledge of the correct way of handling a tiny babe.

A leaflet giving a few suggestions

on right and wrong ways of handling baby has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powder.



BARKO Condition Powder. Scratching is often a sign of itches. Give BARKO Condition Powder and apply BARKO SKIN Lotion to affected parts.

For your post-war Shopping List



CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

Famous Food Products, Condiments and Delicacies

Unexcelled since 1706



Agents: S. Parker Wood, Sydney, D. & I. Fowler, Adelaide & Fremantle.

AMAMI is my regular shampoo



A regular Amami Shampoo will keep your hair healthy and attractive, your scalp scrupulously clean. Whatever you do—remember your Amami Shampoo. Price 11½d. (including rise).



FORD PILLS are different

FORD PILLS are here again

FORD PILLS

contain the concentrated extract of bitter apples and give you the natural laxative properties of fruit.

Get Ford Pills in unbreakable tubes . . . 2/6 at your nearest chemist or store.



OH! to be FIT AGAIN!

How often, when you are feeling tired, worn out with worry, over-work or nervous strain, do you long for the energy and sparkle that so many of your friends seem to be able to rely on always, day or night? Remember, how you feel, and what you can accomplish and enjoy, depend upon the health of your body and the state of your nerves.

To regain your normal sparkle, alertness, energy, try taking the fortifying "no-viating" vitamin tonic—WINCARNIS. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men testify to the wonderful health-bringing value of WINCARNIS. This famous tonic is a rich, nourishing, full-blooded blend of choice wines and two vitamins essential for health. You'll like it from the first sip, and the first glass will do you good. WINCARNIS is the pleasant, certain way of regaining normal feeling, and a happy, contented outlook. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

Hard, burning, achy CORNS

Corns that hurt, burn, throb and ache can be removed swiftly with this new type of antiseptic treatment. Simply apply a drop of *Frosol-Ice*, and its special anaesthetic action will stop pain quickly. Then corn or callus starts to wither up, work loose, and you can pick it right out with your finger-tips. *Frosol-Ice* is the new, safe, instant-drying remover that does not hurt healthy tissues. Chemists everywhere sell *Frosol-Ice*.

Peggy Sage

Exclusive Manicure

FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!

Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH With Real Comfort

FASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little **FASTEETH** on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

TICKLING COUGH?

Tackle the tickle with a trickle of HEARNE'S



Sow seed now for summer glory

By . . .
OUR HOME GARDENER

YOU can sow the seed of zinnias, early asters, snapdragons, amaranthus, balsams, annual Canterbury bells, and candytuft.

Of course, there are dozens of other lovely species such as coreopsis, dianthus, annual chrysanthemums, charkias, cosmos, delphiniums, didcus, eschscholias, gailardias, godetias, gypsophillas, linarias, lupins, marigolds, mignonette, petunias, annual phlox, rudbeckias, salvias, and statice.

Both the time and the depths to sow seed out of doors are influenced by the moisture in the soil and the temperature there. Seeds sown deeply in moist, cool soil in early spring often decay, because even though the air is mild, evaporation of soil water keeps the soil too cold for them.

Seeds sown too shallow in summer, especially if the soil is not packed firmly round them, find so little moisture to absorb that they remain practically dry and fail to sprout. Hence early spring sowing should be much shallower than late spring and summer sowing of the same kind of seed.

It is advisable to sow seeds of some plants where they are to stand throughout the season without transplanting. Dianthus, godetias, nigellas, clarkias, eschscholias, linarias, mignonette, and balsams come in this class.



THERE'LL BE FLOWERS APLENTY for the decoration of your home if you speed sowing now. Follow the advice given by our Home Gardener.

Soil in which seeds are to be sown should be freshly sifted or dug and finely raked so as to be porous while still retaining enough moisture to favor germination. The bottom of the seed bed, or box should be firmed lightly, the seed sown, and the soil

cover again lightly firmed to force them to come into contact with the seed bed.

Watering should be done carefully and with the very finest hose connection or fine-rosed watering-can. Where very small, light or fluffy seed is sown, such as gerbera, lobelia, most poppies, petunia, and so on, watering should be done by immersing the box in a tank or trough until water percolates through the drainage holes in the bottom.

Don't sow the seed too thickly. Where seed is small, add three or four parts of dry sand. Sowing can then be done evenly. Over-crowding in beds and boxes usually leads to damping-off diseases setting in.

HOW TO PREVENT CONSTIPATION

By MEDICO

THERE has been new medical knowledge on the way the digestive tract normally functions. This new knowledge will be comforting news to many who have been worrying unnecessarily about their daily health.

Laxatives and purgatives do not cure constipation. They only further disturb the normal mechanism of the digestive tract.

The real solution of the problem of constipation is the training of growing boys and girls to recognise and act on the signal which the body sends.

A full discussion of this new knowledge, given in simple language in the form of a consulting-room conversation, has been prepared by Medico, and is available in leaflet form on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Write Medico, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly.



RUG OF BEAUTY—and of sorrows . . . Cpl. C. A. Gatenby, of Point Pleasure, Bateman's Bay, N.S.W., embroidered this 88in. x 88in. blanket while a prisoner of war in Germany. All he had was a darning needle and scraps of wool from old socks, sweaters, and scarves. He worked out the 388 designs himself, which include summer and winter scenes of Germany, Jerusalem, Pyramids, Australia. The Red Cross and Cross of St John decorate centre. It took Cpl. Gatenby 2½ years to embroider. He has loaned it to the Red Cross for exhibition purposes.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary, and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3—



IN A MINUTE
In Privacy of your Home

with the new
non greasy
containing no Sulphur
Colourless and Pleasant
to Use.

FOR GREY HAIR TRY

FRENCH HAIR RESTORER

Packed in Plain Wrapper.

5/6
Postage extra.

Sold by:

BEAUTY SHOPPE
Permanent Wave Specialist
James Place, Adelaide, S. Aus.

ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD.
Chemist Shop, Brickfield Hill
Sydney, N.S.W.

AHERN'S LTD.
Hay and Murray Streets
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CENTRAL PHARMACY
Cr. Bourke and Elizabeth Streets
Opp. G.P.O.
Melbourne, Victoria

T. C. BEIRNE PTY. LTD.
Brunswick Street, The Valley
Brisbane, Queensland

SCOTT'S PTY. LTD.
Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Serious Chances

Are Taken in Neglecting
Even Simple Cases

Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of Piles. This ailment has a tendency to become chronic, and there is also danger of ulceration, which is very difficult to cure. The safest remedy for any form of Piles, whether itching or protruding, is DOAN'S OINTMENT. In using it there is no detention from daily occupation, and the many cases, eased by it have made it famous in every corner of the world. It enjoys a greater demand and more enthusiastic popularity than any other Pile remedy ever placed on the market.

Let DOAN'S OINTMENT give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Remember the name, DOAN'S.



See any signs of baldness, or falling hair. Is it losing colour, too oily or dry, your scalp itchy and tender, the hair-line moved back from your forehead, the crown getting thin, dandruff worrying you? EVEN IF YOU'RE ACTUALLY BALD YOU NEEDN'T GIVE UP HOPE!

Thousands have benefited by reading THE MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PUBLISHED ON THE CARE OF THE HAIR FREE TO YOU! Here for the FIRST TIME in one graphically written absorbingly vital book is the true scientific story of your hair, containing vital facts about hair, the care you must take of it, how hair grows, why it falls out, danger signs to watch, and how to combat dandruff. Check full of diagrams and pictures, you will read how I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS ON AN AMAZING MONEY BACK GUARANTEE COURSE OF TREATMENT. Your copy of this book is mailed FREE TO YOU UNDER PLAIN WRAPPERS.

BRIAN R. PEARSON, 17 Bond St., Sydney, Box 4893, G.P.O.
Please forward your free book. I enclose 1d. in stamps.

Mr., Mrs., Miss
Address

D.29.9.65.



SALAD PLATTER for buffet or table luncheon: Apple and pineapple, lettuce and celery, stuffed eggs, cream cheese, and brown-bread peanut rolls.

Salad A Day

By . . .
**OLWEN
FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery
Expert to
The Australian
Women's Weekly.

- Make salads gay notes on daily menus . . . make them enchanting to look at, delicious to eat. Serve them as fresh as the dew on the garden flowers.

SIMPLICITY of combinations is often guarantee of artistic success.

Blend colors as though arranging a bouquet of flowers.

Remember, the shorter the time between garden and plate the higher the vitamin value of the salad.

Crisp the lettuce leaf high on the plate; it looks more appetising this way than when flattened.

Most dressings are added at the last moment, often on the table itself; exceptions are potato salad, beet-root, cauliflower salad.

Creating individual salads simplifies serving and often creates appetite-interest for weather-jaded palates.

Yes, salads are highly valuable. Their cool, attractive appearance has a psychological value in hot weather. Their raw vegetable and fruit ingredients are rich in essential minerals and vitamins.

SALAD GREENS

Greens must always be crisp and chilled. Remove all wilted leaves. Wash carefully in running water. Drain thoroughly, and wrap in cloth or chill in refrigerator vegetable container.

When ready for use, tear with fingers or cut in pieces with stainless knife, or shred. Toss, just before serving, in lemon juice or clear dressing of oil and vinegar, and season with pepper and salt. Salad bowl may be seasoned by rubbing lightly with garlic or cut onion.

Lettuce: To keep crisp for several days, stand stalk-end in a little water in basin, cover, and store in cold place. To separate leaves easily, remove stalk and let water run into heart of lettuce. Serve in separate leaves, or cut whole into halves or quarters. May be finely shredded. Suitable for all types of salads.

Spinach: If young, shred very finely, toss in dressing, and serve raw. If cooked, pass through sieve, mould, chill, and serve with sliced eggs, and mayonnaise sauce.

Cauliflower: Select young vege-

table, wash, and slice thinly, and marinate in French dressing for half-hour. Season with chives.

Celery: Curl white stalks of celery by cutting into inch lengths, splitting half-way down with knife, and crisping in cold water. Green stalks are best diced and mixed with other salad ingredients.

Watercress makes an excellent side salad for grilled steak. Wash very carefully in running water, toss in cloth to dry, and then shake in a dressing of oil, lemon juice, pepper, salt, and Worcestershire sauce. Good with egg-salads.

Mustard Cress (as for watercress): Excellent for all types of salads. Easily grown in window boxes. Very valuable food.

Cabbage: Should be more popular as a salad vegetable. Has a distinctive nutty flavor if properly crisped and dressed. Shred very finely the white heart, crisp in vitaliser or damp cloth, and toss in clear dressing. Mix, for variety, with minced pepper, chopped radish, grated apple, shallots.

Parsley is a valuable salad food. Use freshly chopped parsley liberally in dressings.

Romaine, Chicory, Endive are becoming more popular. Wash carefully and toss in sharp, clear dressing.

SALAD MEATS

Spiced Corned Beef: Choose about a 4lb. piece of solid brisket. Wash well in running water. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boil, and simmer about 2½ hours, removing any scum as it rises. Add a small bunch of fresh herbs to the cooking water, the juice and rind of a lemon, and a clove-stuck onion.

Cool in the water. Drain, and place in a baking-pan, cover with about half cup brown sugar, mixed with 1 teaspoon mixed spice, and stick with a few cloves. Place in a moderate oven (350deg. F.), and leave until the sugar has melted over the beef. Cool. Serve thinly sliced with salad.

Mock Birds: Slice 1½ to 2lbs. of veal steak into portions about 4 inches square. Mince any trimmings, and combine with about 1½ cups bread seasoning. Spread the seasoning over the veal, roll up and secure with string or toothpicks.

Brown in hot fat, and remove from pan. Add 1 tablespoon flour to about 1 tablespoon of hot fat and brown; stir in 1 pint water, bring to boil, and season with salt and Worcestershire sauce. Add bacon rind trimming if available. Place the veal rolls in the gravy, cover, and cook very slowly about 1½ hours. Lift from gravy and chill. Remove string or skewers and serve, sprinkled with chopped parsley, with salad. The mock birds may be very slowly baked under greased paper instead of braised.

Jellied Ox Tongue: Wash tongue well and place in saucepan with lukewarm water to cover. Add a sliced onion, 2 or 3 cloves, a bay leaf, and 1 or 2 sticks chopped celery. Simmer gently 2 to 2½ hours for a small tongue, 3 hours for larger one. When cooked, plunge into cold water and remove skin. Cut in halves lengthwise and place in basin or mould. Boil some of the cooking liquid with the trimmings until well reduced, strain and pour over the tongue. Cover with plate or saucer

and press down with a weight. Turn out when cold and set. Serve with green salad.

SAVORY SALAD FRUITS

Pineapple: Sliced or cubed is excellent with cold lamb or poultry salads, or cheese salads. Chill before serving. Try sprinkled with chopped mint.

Apple is a must with cheese salads or mixed nut salads. Wash, but do not peel. Cut in wedges with a stainless knife. May be baked with orange or lemon juice.

Orange: Wash and cut flesh with peel or remove from rind with grapefruit knife. Try with diced celery for a white meat salad, or with sliced onions with cold pork, veal, or duck.

Grapefruit: Makes an excellent appetiser salad. Try also with fish salad or ham salad.

Pears should be icy cold for salad. Try spiced with ginger with a poultry or white meat salad. Delicious with cream cheese.

Strawberries: A colorful delicacy in any salad. Glaze with honey or sugar syrup, and serve with a mixed vegetable salad, cheese, or poultry salad.

Apricots iced and topped with cream cheese balls, dusted with parsley or paprika, are an appetising addition to a summer vegetable salad.

Bananas drenched with orange or lemon juice or dipped in mayonnaise and rolled in chopped nuts are a salad delicacy. Try with chicken salad or fish mayonnaise.

Melons diced or cut in wedges are delicious in salad combinations.

Raisins, Dates, and Dried Figs: May be mixed with apple or pineapple or chopped orange or grapefruit for a lettuce-cup salad.

Avocado: Peel, stone, slice or dice, and dress with lemon juice. Try moulding in lemon jelly with grapefruit and preserved figs, and serve with lettuce and shrimps.

Continued on page 31

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Staisweet
protects you against all
risk of offending

Staisweet
gives you confidence
and natural charm

Staisweet
The Deodorant Cream
You can trust!

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Stop Egg Shortage
Preserve in Ovo today while
egg prices are down. Have
eggs plenty in 1946 when
they're scarce and dear.
OVO—first for 53 years—all
grocers.

OVO
YOUR EGGS

JUNIPAH
MINERAL SPRING SALTS
PROMOTE REGULARITY

tone up the system and elimi-
nate the poisons that cause
Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lum-
bago, Sciatica and kindred
complaints. 1/6 and 2/6.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

BLEMISHES

Spots, roughness
and soreness mar
the beauty of
skin and com-
plexion! Use Cuticura
Soap regularly—its
antiseptic and medicinal
properties make and keep the
skin exquisitely smooth and
charming. One of the famous
trios—Cuticura Soap, Oint-
ment and Talcum Powder.

Cuticura
SOAP

Record Egg Supplies

Reports received from the Controller of
Egg Supplies state that the abundant
supplies of eggs now available for house-
wives will continue for some months.

Retailers are advised that eggs can be obtained in
any quantity for sale to the public.

Authorised by
COMMONWEALTH FOOD CONTROL



Evan Williams
shampoo
PROTECTS,
PRESERVES,
BEAUTIFIES.

Sweets for light-hearted days

• Each recipe is simple
to make, finely flav-
ored, and suitable for
everyday menu or
any special occasion.

SEND in your entry for
this weekly competi-
tion. You may win the
main prize of £1 or one of the
consolation prizes.

DELICIOUS STRAWBERRY CREAM

One dessertspoon butter or substi-
tute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup
breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1
teaspoon lemon rind, fresh straw-
berries, extra sugar.

Cream butter, sugar, and egg-yolks.
Add breadcrumbs, soaked in the
milk and lemon rind. Bake in
greased dish in moderate oven until
lightly set. Put strawberries on top
after first rolling in sugar. Top
with egg-whites whisked to a
meringue with 2 or 3 extra table-
spoons sugar. Bake until light
brown. Garnish with extra straw-
berries. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Sefton,
31 Knox St., Clovelly, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE CHERRY PUDDING

Three ounces castor sugar, 1½oz.
butter or substitute, 2 dessertspoons
cocoa, 2 eggs, 1oz. glace cherries, 1
pint milk, 1 cup breadcrumbs, vanilla.
Slice cherries. Cream sugar and
fat. Beat in egg-yolks, add bread-
crumbs, cocoa, and cherries alter-
nately with milk. Stir in stiffly
beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased
mould, cover, and steam 1½ hours.
Serve with vanilla custard, hot or
cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
A. E. Burden, 59 John's Rd., Prespect,
S.A.

BAKED FRUIT SALAD

Fruit salad, sugar, cake or bread-
crumbs, cornflakes, boiled custard,
or cream.

Prepare fruit salad, amount re-
quired. Place a layer in greased oven
dish, cover with layer of cake crumbs.
Keep adding these in alternate layers
until fruit salad is used. Top with
cornflakes. Bake in moderate oven,
about 1 hour. Serve hot or cold with
custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M.
McLean, 4 A.W.S. Barracks, Camp
Pell, Vic.

PASSIONFRUIT CREAM

Six passionfruit, 1 pint milk, 2
eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2 packets lemon
jelly, 1 pint boiling water.

Squeeze passionfruit pulp into dish.
Beat eggs and sugar together, stir
in milk. Make 2 lemon jellies with
1 pint boiling water, cool slightly,



**STRAWBERRY
SPONGE GATEAU**
—orange flavored
sponge, scooped in
centre, filled with
strawberries and
topped with cream.

then combine with
egg and milk mix-
ture. Cool a little
more and pour over
passionfruit pulp in
dish. When set serve
with cream or cus-
tard or with finger
biscuits. If set in a
flat dish may be cut
in squares.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
M. Burnes, 53 Durham St., Bathurst,
N.S.W.

RICH FRUIT CAKE

For 3 cakes for sending overseas
for 2 cakes ready for Christmas, or
for a small, 2-tiered wedding cake.

One pound plain flour, 1½lb. self-
raising flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice,
1 teaspoon powdered mace, 1
teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon
cinnamon, 1½lb. brown sugar, 1½lb.
white sugar, 1½lb. butter, 10 eggs, 1½lb.
currants, 1½lb. sultanas, 1½lb. raisins,
1½lb. muscats, 1½lb. mixed peel (finely
sliced), 1½lb. almond meal, 1 teaspoon
vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon almond
essence, 1 teaspoon lemon essence,
6 tablespoons brandy or sherry, 1oz.
melted chocolate, 1 level teaspoon
bicarbonate of soda, dissolved in 1
tablespoon warm water.

Line tins with several thicknesses
of paper. Sift flour and spices, pre-
pare and chop fruit. Beat butter
and sugar to a cream. Beat eggs
well and gradually beat into butter
and sugar. Beat in almond meal
and essences, then fruit, brandy,
melted chocolate, and soda. Add
flour, mixing in thoroughly. Turn
into tins, pressing down mixture well.
Place in fairly hot oven, reduce heat
at once to very low. When cake be-
gins to brown, cover with 2 thick-
nesses buttered paper for remainder
of time. Full quantity takes 5½ to
6 hours, half quantity 4 to 4½ hours.

This recipe won a £50 prize in the
recent Aerophos Recipe Quest for
Mrs. L. Smith, 30 Olive St., 8th
Caulfield, Vic.

Salad Combinations

Continued from page 30

Cream Cheese Balls, dusted with
chopped parsley, lettuce, red apple
wedges, pineapple slices, dates,
celery, wholemeal bread and butter
rolls.

Mock Birds (seasoned veal rolls),
sliced orange and onion, crisp
shredded cabbage, grated carrot,
dress, clear dressing.

**Sliced Seasoned Shoulder of
Lamb**, potato and parsley salad in
crisp lettuce cups, chilled green
peas, baby beetroot, whole.

Lamb Cutlets, glazed with mint
jelly and chilled lettuce hearts,
pineapple wedges, sliced tomato, and
celery curls.

Flaked Fish with mayonnaise, in
lettuce cups, cucumber strips, red
apple wedges, grapefruit wedges,
brown bread, peanut butter finger
sandwiches.

Chicken Salad of thinly sliced
chicken meat, cantaloup wedges,
sliced fresh peach, lettuce, and
chopped nuts in the mayonnaise
dressing.

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Paint your bathroom with lovely

"Dri-Glo" Towels

**Modern towels are so beautiful!
Don't hide them in a cupboard.**

Paint your bathroom in the glorious colours that you get in "Dri-Glo" towels. This is the latest idea in the U.S.A.—to show off all your towels in the bathroom and make them the main feature of your bathroom decoration.

And here's how you do it. Instead of spending your money on other ways to decorate your bathroom, instal a row of glass shelves just as we show on this page. Glass shelves can cost less than wooden ones. Then with the money you've saved by not buying other decorative gadgets or fancy fixtures you buy extra "Dri-Glos"—in pastels, or gay colours. Then you pile your lovely "Dri-Glo" towels up on those glass shelves. They make a lovely splash of colour—and every woman who sees your towels will sigh with envy.

"Dri-Glo" towels—still woven on a base of Double Warp or Two-Fold Yarn. By that we mean that this special warp—which is the very backbone of the towel—gives twice the strength. Too good to miss! Insist on "Dri-Glos" every time.

You Still Get More Towel Than You Pay For. Run your tape measure over any "Dri-Glo." It not only measures up to stated size, but additional towelling goes into the hemmed ends.

Look for this label
on every towel.

